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Priour, Rosalie B. Hart.
The adventures of a family
of emmigrants who emigrated

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THE ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY OF EMMIGRANTS
WHO EMMIGRATED TO TEXAS IN 1834

An Autobiography

by

Rosalie B. Hart Priour

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

James C. Whitworth
410 E. Hillside # 510
Laredo, Tx. 78041

July 25, 1997

Mr. Aiden Wafer
Ballygarrett P.O., Gorey
County Wexford, Ireland

Dear Aidan:

Thank you for your attention to Sylvia and me when we were in Ballygarrett.

As I promised, I am fowarding to you a copy of the memoirs of Rosalie Hart Prior. This mannscrip is mentioned in The Texas Connection. The errors you will find in it are understandable, I believe, in light of the fact that Rosalie was a little girl when she left Ireland, and she dictated her memoirs to a granddaughter when she was advanced in years.

Sylvia and I will look for you in Refugio in October.

Regards,


Jim Whitworth

October 19, 1967

Dear Cousin,

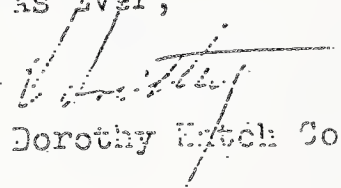
This is Copy #3 of 10 copies made of the Autobiography of Rosalie B. Hart Priour. Braden did the copy work and I put it together. The source of the copy from which this was taken by Xerox has been so recorded for your benefit.

Notice that the last two lines on page 59 are not readable. Such was the condition of the copy from which this was made. Xerox really copies everything--even errors!

I wish with all my heart that copies of the original manuscript could be obtained by Xerox--in the original hand writing!

Incidentally, Sister Faviour of the Incarnate Word Academy has expressed interest in this manuscript so I have made a copy for her. I fondly hope that it will be placed on file in the Library for the benefit of all those descendants who may pass through the Incarnate Word Academy.

As ever,


Dorothy Ketch Cook

L & R Systems
89 W. A. King St.
Jaguar
872 4599

Adrian
55-2200

THIS COPY OF THE FAMILY MANUSCRIPT IS DEDICATED:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

MY BELOVED GRANDMOTHER

MARY FRANCES PRIOUR HATCH, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

Mary Frances Priour Hatch is referred to in this manuscript in many instances with great love and affection as "Fanny," and various incidents have been told in regard to her husband and my Grandfather, James C. Hatch.

Patricia Hatch Elwonger

This copy was prepared by:

Patricia Hatch Elwonger, taken accurately from a copy belonging to;
Betty and Jerry Davenport, taken accurately from a copy belonging to;
Sally Robeau, taken accurately from a copy belonging to;
Elizabeth Roark, taken accurately from a copy belonging to;
Carlos Cunningham, taken accurately from a copy belonging to;
Ann Loudon, taken accurately from the original copy of the handwritten
manuscript.

The handwritten manuscript is in the possession of:

Mrs. Katherine Charlier Whelan, who now lives in Corpus Christi, Texas.

Our special thanks to Sally Robeau.

Victoria, Texas

February 25, 1963

THE ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY OF EMIGRANTS WHO EMIGRATED TO TEXAS IN 1834

Chapter 1.

As an introduction to my history, I will begin by giving an account of events that occurred prior to our coming to Texas.

My father's family, on my father's side, were natives of the County Kent in England, who came to Ireland some years before the Rebellion of 1798, and started a ~~tax~~-yard in Watlin Square, Dublin. They were raised in the Church of England, and were very much attached to it, consequently when my grandfather became a convert to the Catholic religion, his father looked upon it as a disgrace to the family and disinherited him. Soon afterwards he married a young lady, a native of Howth, an act that widened the breach between him and his family still more, as she was beneath him in station, although acknowledged by everyone to be one of the best women that lived, and a true Christian.

They lived very happily until the Rebellion broke out, and as he was already marked out as a victim of religious fanaticism, he was the first man put to death for being a Catholic in the streets of Dublin in the Rebellion of 1798. He was arrested and whipped in the streets of Dublin for three days in succession, the executioner after laying on so many strokes, would stop and ask: "Will you renounce the Romanish Church and tell where the priests are hidden? If you will, you will be reinstated in your inheritance and receive a reward from the government of England." His answer was invariably, "No! I joined the Catholic Church because I thought it the true religion, and I will not dishonor myself, or sell my soul for any worldly advantages that this world can confer."

My dear grandmother remained by his side during the whole of that trying scene, with my father then an infant, six months old, in her arms, and my Aunt B ridget, then three years of age, by her hand; and at every blow the flesh and blood of my dear grandfather would fall over them, but the executioner seemed heartless, and resisted all her entreaties until the third day, when he gave her possession of my grandfather with permission to take him home and save him if she could, but it was too late. With all the care lavished on him he died, another martyr for the Catholic religion. After he was buried, his brothers wished to take his children and raise them up in the Church of England. To this proposition their mother could never consent; in this dilemma she had recourse to Lord and Lady Howth, feeling assured that the love and respect they had for her would cause them to protect her; but to keep the children from falling into the hands of their uncle, it became necessary for Lord Howth to adopt them, an alternative which he did not hesitate to comply with, as it was the only means by which the children could be raised in the religion for which their father had suffered and died. Very nobly did Lord and Lady Howth perform the task which they had imposed upon themselves. Teachers were employed for young Lord St. Lawrence and my father when they were old enough to go to school, but as Lord Howth's son and my father were both of a very wild and reckless disposition, they improved very little under private teachers. My aunt, on the contrary, learned very fast, and for some years every moment she could spare from her own studies were devoted to the instruction of poor children on

Lord Howth's estate. Such was her occupation until she was thirteen years old, at which time death came and claimed her for his own. My grandmother was unconsolable for her loss, and so great an impression did grief make in her mind, that one evening when she went out to bring in some clothes that were on the line, she imagined that my aunt came to her and holding up her arms requested her mother to look and see all the holes the tears she had shed had made in her body. "Dear Mother," she said, "Do not mourn for me. The tears you shed are the only thing that keeps me from being perfectly happy." The vision, or whatever it might be, had a salutary effect on her, and in place of giving way to grief, she devoted her time to making others happy, and her life was spent in the service of God that she might be worthy of joining her child in a better world.

Chapter 11.

When my father and Lord St. Lawrence were fifteen years old, the teacher employed by Lord Howth punished the two young gentlemen. They became so angry with him that they whipped him shamefully, and broke all the benches in the school room. To punish them for this act of insubordination, Lord Howth decided to send them to college in England. When he announced his intention and commanded him to be ready to start the next day, my father begged him not to send him, but Lord Howth was firm in his resolve, and when Father found all entreaties were in vain, replied: "Well my Lord, if I must go, I will go." That night he packed up some clothes in a bundle and went on board a whaling vessel belonging to one of his cousins, that was ready to start on a three-years trip.

When they came back at the expiration of that time, the vessel anchored in the harbor of Belfast. His cousin, Mr. Griffen, was captain of a steamer running between Dublin and Belfast, and as he looked toward the ship, he saw someone dancing on her deck, and exclaimed: "If Tom Hart is alive, it is him I see dancing on the deck of that vessel." At the same time he resolved to take my father back to Howth. In order to gain his point, he went on board the vessel and invited Father to go on board his steamer and see her as she was the first in that part of the country. Father told him he would not go as he was afraid he might want to take him back home, that he saw that the steam was up, he must be ready to start. "No, Tom," he said, "You will have plenty of time. Just come aboard and examine her machinery. It will be interesting for you." He replied, "I will on condition that you will not deceive me." They then started, as my father thought, to inspect the steamer. After looking at the works, Captain Griffen invited him into the cabin where a table was prepared with wine and cards where he was invited to play a game and drink to the success of the steamer. He became so interested in conversation and cards that the steamer was some distance from the quay before he was aware of it, and on his way to Howth.

On his arrival there he went to the home of his mother. She lived at that time in a house that Lord and Lady Howth had given her as a present at the time of my grandfather's death. It is next to the Catholic Church and separated from it by a fence. As soon as his Lordship found that my father had come home he called to see him, and almost the first words he said was: "Well, Tom, are you done sowing wild oats?" He answered: "No, my Lord, I have a few more to sow yet."

Soon after his arrival he heard there were bids for opening a new quarry at New-Ross. He succeeded in getting the contract, but at the

expiration of some months his health failed and he was compelled to go home. As soon as he recovered his health, he took the contract for opening the harbor of Howth.

One day he was going down to the harbor, after dinner, when he met young Lord St. Lawrence who had just arrived from England, in the company with Mr. Lynch, the gentleman who kept store in a part of my grandmother's house. They were over-joyed to see him and Lord St. Lawrence wished to detain him, but he said: "My Lord, I am in a great hurry. See, the bell is hanging over the bow, and the men can do nothing until I go down." "Tom," said his Lordship, "That work is too hard for you. Would you not like to go into the Water-guards?" He said "No, my Lord, I will never accept any employment where I will be under the command of inferiors." He replied, "Oh, I do not want you to go as a common Water-guard; I wish you to go in as a commissioned officer." Father then said: "If you will get me a commission I will go, but on no other condition." In two weeks from that day he had his commission; and the first station he was sent to was Ballymoney, in the town of Wexford.

Chapter 111.

My mother had a cousin who was an officer in the same station, and while she was on a visit to his wife, she met my father, and it was a case of love at first sight. Before parting my father asked her if she would be his wife. At the fair at Garry, the next Saturday, she told him she would. Her father's name was James Larry, his occupation that of farming, and his place of residence was five miles from where the fair was held. Consequently, he always attended the fair to sell or buy cattle or to dispose of his produce and my mother and grandmother accompanied him to purchase such things as they needed for the use of the house, so that my mother knew that she was certain to be there. On the day of the fair while shopping, she became separated from the rest of the company, and while standing in one of the tents buying some shoes, a young gentleman came up to where she was standing, and heard her tell her merchant they were too dear. He was asking two shillings more than she had ever paid for the same quality shoes. The gentleman asked her if they suited her in every other respect. She replied they did. He paid for them and purchased some other fancy articles and presented them to her. She told him she never accepted presents from a stranger, and that she thought he was very impertinent to act as he had done. His answer was: "You certainly remember the officer you met at your cousin's house at dinner last Sunday?" She then remembered him, but still refused to accept any presents from him. He accompanied her to where she expected to meet her friends. There she met her cousin too, and before long time was passing so pleasantly, that before the close of the fair she told my father that he could speak to her father, and if he could gain his consent, she would marry him. But, to gain his consent was a very difficult task, and it was only through the good advice of her cousin, that he at last consented to let them marry, on condition that Lord Howth and the parish priest would certify that he was perfectly honorable in every respect. It took only three or four days to receive the certificate which proved to be perfectly satisfactory, and in two weeks from their first meeting, they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Chapter 1V.

Two years from that time I was born in Ballymoney, Wexford County,

and baptized Bridget, in honor of my father's oldest sister. When I was confirmed the Bishop gave me the name of Rosalie, and requested that I should be called by that name, and in this country I am known by no other. I had one brother older than myself, who died before I was born and seven sisters, two of whom I do not remember. I can recollect the other five. They were all strong, healthy children, and very handsome but I was unlike them---always delicate, yet God called them home and I was the only one left out of a family of nine children.

When I was about nine months old, my father and mother went on a visit to my grandmother in Howth. They went by water to Dublin, thence by stage. My father's aunt kept the mail stand, and as they paid her visit before proceeding on their journey, news of my father's visit to his mother soon spread, and when we were about a half-mile from my grandmother's a crowd of citizens met us and, unharnessing the horses, dragged the coach to my grandmother's door. When we arrived at our destination they would not permit my mother to alight, but carried her in triumph into the house. My grandmother was delighted to see us and, as I was named for my aunt, and the oldest of her grandchildren, she had the deed of the house that Lord and Lady Howth had presented to her at the time of my grandfather's death, recorded in my name. We remained only a few days, as my father was compelled to return, when the time for which he had received leave of absence had expired.

When I was about three years old, the government appointed my father to the lighthouse of Cork, and as they had, in addition to his salary, to furnish him a house, fire and candle-light, also a servant, we received the castle at the foot of the hill on which the lighthouse built as our residence, while we remained there. It was one of the most picturesque situations that could be found anywhere, with the bay extending as far as the eye could reach in one direction, and the farms with their fields of waving grain, in the other. At a short distance from the castle was a spring. I remember going with Mother one day to a country gentleman's (I do not remember his name, but think it was Roach). On our way we stopped at the spring. Young as I was, I thought no words could possibly describe the loveliness of the scene. The spring was on the side of the road and had a small springhouse built over it. The dipper chained to a post, benches placed around, everything so cool and pleasant seemed to invite the weary traveler to repose and rest from toil. Not far off the picturesque residence of Mr. Roach, as it sat embowered in trees and shrubbery, was enough to delight the eye of an artist, and child though I was, fifty-six years ago, still the scene made such an impression on my mind, that as I write everything appears as distinct and fresh as if seen only an hour since.

We had lived at the lighthouse about a year when one of the most horrible incidents occurred that I have ever witnessed. There were only two officers in the station. One of them was to go with his men so many hours a day, and when his time had expired the other took his place. One day, during my father's watch, he saw a vessel drifting about in the offing, and as it was his duty to board every vessel drifting about in the harbor, he ordered the men to man the boats and go on board. He was the first on her deck. O God! What sight met his eyes! There on the deck with their hands and feet bound with ropes lay the crew of the vessel dead, and they had been so for so long a time that they were perfectly green and the stench was insupportable. At the time, "The Kidnappers," as they were called, were at their worst, there was not a day passed but

more or less people were killed by them. They had regular contracts with the medical colleges in England to furnish corpses for dissection. Their mode of procedure was to go up to a person and put a sticking plaster over his mouth so that he could not give any alarm, and no one was safe from their attacks. In the present instance, the vessel in question was chartered in Dublin to carry a load of dead people to some town in England. They were preserved in rum. The barrels containing the dead bodies were marked "water." The Captain, when he left port, expected to arrive at his destination in two days, and only took water for that length of time, but according to the old saying, "Man proposed and God disposes," he was disappointed. The weather was so calm the vessel could make no headway, and in four or five days the crew suffered so much for water, the ship's carpenter took his adze and broke out the end of one of the barrels marked "water" when O Horror! in place of water he saw his uncle and his cousin, whom he left in good health in Dublin only a few days before. Their bodies were preserved in rum in the barrel he had opened. As soon as the Captain found that the crew had discovered his crime, he told them that unless they consented to be tied and whipped, he would have every man of them hung from the mast head on arriving in port, for mutiny. Thinking to save their lives, they consented. When all were bound and helpless, he took an ax and split their heads open.

I do not know how it happened, but the carpenter was only wounded, and when the Captain went to sleep, with the aid of two little boys, whom the Captain had spared, he was hid under some lumber piled on deck. The day of the trial he was able to appear and testify against the Captain. As the two boys were so young and had by their care saved the life of the carpenter, the law could do nothing to them, but the Captain was condemned to pass the rest of his miserable existence in a dungeon, with nothing to mitigate his suffering except the company of his two sons for a few hours every day. The public thought he should have been hung, but in my opinion the punishment he received was far worse than death. Shut from the light of day, with no light except a candle, and alone with his guilty conscience; I cannot conceive any fate more dreadful.

For weeks every time my father would sit down to the table, he would imagine that he still got the smell of the corpses he had seen on that vessel, and would be compelled to leave the table before taking more than a cup of chocolate and a piece of bread and butter. When he would try to sleep, as soon as his eyes would close he would dream he was on board the vessel and in the presence of the dead; yet he was no coward. He never shrank from doing his duty, nor could personal danger daunt him, but the sufferings of other always made a great impression on his mind.

Chapter V.

About this time I gave him a great deal of trouble. My temper is naturally bad and unforgiving. I was always my father's pet, on account of being the oldest and for having been named for my aunt. On account of having been spoiled by him, I wanted to have my own way and go with him where ever he went. As he was going out on duty one day, I resolved to follow him. I was in the second story of the house, and in trying to escape from my nurse, I fell from the top step to the bottom of the stair. My father picked me up and gave me a slap. For six months after that, I never spoke to him. He tried every means in his power to regain my love. Finally one day when going on a visit to my mother's people, I felt so excited and happy with the prospects of seeing my grandparents, I forgot

against Father, and the old loved began to return. He said never regretted any act in his life as much as he did giving me that. He supposed I looked upon it as an injustice, and that was one thing always resented. I would do anything for those who treated me with kindness, and never harbored any hard feelings toward those who corrected me, when I deserved to be corrected.

Soon after we came home, Father went up to the lighthouse to call the roll. I stole away from my nurse and followed him. It began to rain, and he sent me back to the house. I ran down the Hill. The yard was paved with flags and my feet being muddy and the flags wet, I slipped and fell on the scraper on the back door. I do not remember the accident. My mother told me she thought I had killed myself. When she picked me up the flesh was scraped entirely from the bone on my forehead over the left eye, and the bone looked white as chalk. It was the beginning of a storm and they had not even a sticking plaster to draw the wound together. All they could do was bind a wet towel over the place. The storm continued for three days, but as soon as it was safe to go to the cove, I believe it is now called Kingston, Father ordered a boat and took me to a doctor twelve miles from the lighthouse. There was only one doctor there. He did the best he could, but my forehead was so sore, and so much inflamed that he could not sew it, and I will carry the scar to my grave. When we left home, my mother thought it best to leave my younger sister, Elizabeth, under the care of a farmer's wife while we were away. When we returned we found, that while eating fish, little sister had swallowed a bone and my darling mother was compelled to return to the doctor with her, so that he might extract the bone from her throat. The little one was incapable of swallowing anything and had been in that condition for two days. On arriving in town, Mother purchased some candy, and gave Elizabeth a piece, but not being able to eat it, she held it in her hand. When Mother told the doctor why she had brought the child, he asked to see the piece of candy she held; he told her to put it in her mouth, then he put his hand over her mouth and held her nose, by so doing he prevented her from drawing her breath until she had swallowed the candy. This pushed the bone from her throat and relieved her in a few minutes. We then returned to our hotel. The next morning, my forehead began to bleed. This alarmed Mother so much that she again visited the doctor. His little son, then about eight or nine years old, was present in the office, and when he saw the wound uncovered, he fainted and had to be carried home. This caused so much excitement that it was some time before the doctor could attend to me. On examining my forehead, he told Mother that it was nothing but the coming of new flesh, and should it begin to bleed again, he gave her directions for dressing the wound. Before returning to the lighthouse, we visited the lightship stationed in the harbor to see one of Father's cousins, who was in charge of the ship. To me it looked like the hull of a vessel without masts, but I was too young to understand for what purpose it was anchored in the bay, and told Mother I thought it was very foolish of the government to have a man stationed there to watch such an old wreck as that.

Elizabeth was a perfect beauty and was always ready with some witty answer. No one could help loving her. Her form was as perfect as an angel's form could be. Her eyes deep blue, always full of fun and mischief, skin as white as snow, rosy cheeks, and yellow hair falling in ringlets over her shoulders. She looked like a lovely wax doll and with life. One day a party of rich Portuguese, who had been visiting different scenes of interest along the coast of Ireland, landed at the lighthouse. Won by the beauty of the place, they decided on having

a picnic and a dance before returning on board the boat. As all the inhabitants were going to see the dance and hear the music, Mother thought she could let my sister and I go to see what was going on, and gave my nurse strict orders not to let either of us out of her sight. While enjoying ourselves a lady joined us, and taking her lunch basket, made Elizabeth eat a cake steeped in wine. It was not long before she went to sleep. The lady, taking advantage of the nurse's carelessness, carried Elizabeth into a cave under the hill, and concealing her under her cloak prepared to wait until the tide would rise, as the boats had been moored so close to the shore it would be impossible for them to leave before.

The lady was very wealthy, and as she had been married for several years without having any children of her own, my sister's beauty tempted her, and she was under the impression that if she could get away from the place without being discovered, the child was so young she would so forget her own family, and think that she was her mother. But God would not permit her to carry out her wicked designs. As soon as the nurse missed her, she and I searched everywhere for her, inquiring of everyone we met if he or she had seen Elizabeth, but all in vain. At last, becoming alarmed, we turned our steps homeward, and informed Father and Mother of the disappearance of our darling. In a few minutes the whole neighborhood was searching for her in every direction, but all in vain, and as the coast is rugged and the banks washed by the tide, they were afraid she had fallen from the hill and her body had been carried out by the tide.

The nurse could give no account of her, only that we were sitting on the hill watching the dance and listening to the music, when a lady from among the crowd joined us, and gave my sister a cake steeped in wine to eat and both of them disappeared without her being able to tell in what direction. I then remembered seeing her go under the cliff, and it was supposed that she was hid in one of those caves under the hill. The search was renewed, and every care taken to search each cave and crevice. When they were about to give up in despair, Father saw some dark object in a recess in the largest cave, and upon examining more closely, he saw a lady with a bundle under her cloak, when the following conversation ensued: "Madame, will you be so kind as to let me see what you have under your cloak?" She said, "It is nothing. I am only waiting in this quiet place until the boat can take us to the yacht. I was tired of that excitement and noise at the lighthouse, and came here to rest."

"You will pardon me, lady, but I am an officer, and it is my duty to see what you have concealed under your cloak."

At this moment Elizabeth awoke, and hearing Father's voice said: "Oh, Papa!" Addressing himself to the lady, he asked her why she had carried off his little girl. Her reply was to tell him her history, and how unhappy she and her husband were because they had no children, and concluded by offering to give my father the weight of the child in gold and make her their heiress. He said "No, Madame. I am her father, and all the gold in the world cannot buy my child, and only that you are a lady, I would make you suffer for what you have done."

Oh, what a joy there was that night when we could feel our treasure was safe. My darling mother almost worshipped her lovely child, and would have willingly given up all the others to save her.

Chapter VI.

The life of a Water-guard is very dangerous and full of exciting adventures. One day it was rumored that a great deal of smuggled goods would be landed that night on the coast during Father's watch. About three o'clock in the morning he came to the line which divided his beat from the next station. He did not meet the guard, and as his duty compelled him to continue until he did meet the patrol in the next station he had no choice but to advance. About three or four miles from the line, he met several wagons loaded with goods. He followed them to the cave where they were hiding them. He summoned them to surrender, and as they seemed about to resist, he ordered his men to fire in the air. The one who seemed to be leader cried out: "It is Tom Hart, run!" All obeyed orders except the teamsters, who would not abandon their teams. He only took five prisoners. The cave was full of all kinds of costly wines, tobacco, and silk. Everything was brought to the castle and stored away until sold by the government, and as Father had taken them at another station, he received a double portion of the prize money as reward from the government.

When Mother heard the firing she was so badly frightened for fear Father was killed, she was taken with a nervous chill and hovered between life and death for a long time. She finally recovered, and, when Father was ordered to County Kent in England, she persuaded him to sell his commission and go to my grandfather's in the County Wexford. My mother was the only girl in the family, and grandfather gave her fifty acres of land on which her father built a house.

We moved into our new house before the kitchen was entirely finished. Mother's room was next to the kitchen, and for convenience, there was a door between the two rooms. One night Father found it so long, that he could not sleep and told Mother it was the longest night he had ever spent. He went to the kitchen to light the candle, and looked at the clock to see what time it was. The kitchen floor was lower than the bedroom, and when he started down the steps he fell into the snow. It had drifted through the keyhole of the door, and as the sandbags had not yet been put in the kitchen windows, the snow had drifted in between the window frame and the sash. What was his surprise, the reader can imagine, to see that it was twelve o'clock in the day and as dark as the darkest night. When the door was opened the mystery was explained. The snow had fallen very heavily during the night, and was as high as the kitchen walls. Every window was covered, so that no light could penetrate. It was very pleasant for the children. We could amuse ourselves by making animals out of the snow all day, but the grown people did not find it quite so agreeable to have to melt snow to get water to drink, and for household purposes, and cut tunnels under the snow to get to the barn to feed and water the cattle but it had to be done; there was no other alternative. I think we were snowbound about ten days. The people in the country did not suffer much in comparison to what the people in town had to go through. A great many families suffered from hunger and cold before the country people could cut roads through the snow to go to their aid.

Chapter VII.

That spring my father began farming, but he knew no more about it than a baby, consequently he did not succeed very well. I went to school

in Killarney, about a quarter of a mile from where we lived. Instead of taking lunch, I bought my dinner, as there was a baker's shop and a store across the street from the school house. My parents thought I would buy whatever I wanted for my dinner, but instead of that, I would buy one penny's worth of carraway seed and sugar and give the rest away. I was always delicate and could not eat much. One winter the whooping cough was very bad, and I took it at school. My sisters took it from me; and my dear mother had a dreadful time nursing us through the winter. It only affected me like a slight cold but was very severe on the other children. In the spring they appeared to be entirely well, when those who were getting better took something resembling croup. They would be playing around apparently well, when in about fifteen minutes, they would be dead. Three of my sisters died with it in one week. My sister Elizabeth, was apparently dead. The neighbors wanted to wash and dress her before she became too stiff, but Mother stood over her and would not allow anyone to touch her. Everyone thought she had been driven crazy with the loss of her children, and said to each other: "Let us take the child by force, and lay her out." But Mother turned such a fierce look on them, that none had the courage to put their threat into execution. After awhile there was a slight movement of her tongue, and Mother took a spoonful of the syrup she had by the fire, and wet my sister's mouth with it. It went against her breath and made her cough. Then she went to sleep. When she awoke, the first words she said were: "Mama, I want a piece of bread and butter."

Father was lying on the bed. He had just returned after having ordered coffins for the three children. As soon as he heard her speak he got up and brought her the bread and butter. She ate it and went to sleep. The next day she was able to play, while Mother and Father went to church to have the funeral service performed over the remains of their other treasures. It was a fearful trial to follow the remains of three of our loved ones to the grave in one week, but what was our loss was their gain. Had they lived, perhaps they might have lost their immortal souls, but now we have the consolation of knowing that they are bright angels, and will be forever happy in the company of our Saviour. Death is the portion of all created things, and it is much better to die while young and innocent, than to live and offend God and perhaps lose our soul.

Chapter VIII.

Father was very generous, and knew nothing of the value of money. He was of that disposition, he was often applied to for assistance. He was a Free-Mason and belonged to the lodge at Dublin. When one of them would be traveling in our neighborhood, and be short in money, he would call on Father and he always received assistance. As I said before, he had at one time the contract for opening the new quarry at New-Ross, also the Harbor of Howth, and of course, was acquainted with a great many men who were employed on the public works. When any of them were in trouble he would assist them. If he saw a beggar woman with children, he would give her money, and although Mother was of a very noble and generous disposition, she found it necessary to remonstrate with him. His answer was always: "Oh, Elizabeth, a good heart will receive its own reward. You, nor I, nor our children will ever suffer for bread." But the results of his generosity was that in three years, the twenty-five thousand dollars we had in the bank in Wexford was all gone and nothing left except the farm.

About this time, in 1833, the Mexican government sent Colonel Pow

to Ireland to get a colony of emigrants to settle in Texas. He belonged to a very good family and had been raised in Wexford. His only sister was married to a farmer named O'Brien, and was in very good circumstances and doing well. They had a large family of boys and girls; the youngest, John, about fourteen years of age. Colonel Powers held meetings at his sister's house, and made speeches to large assemblies. He represented Texas as one of the richest countries in the world, and a most delightful climate. Gold was so plentiful, according to his account you could pick it up under the trees. A great many believed him. As a proof of what he told, he was going to take his only sister and her family with him. And he told them that as she was happy and prosperous at home he would never advise her to go to a new country if he was not certain he would do a great deal better in Texas. The doctors had always told Father that I would certainly die in Ireland. The climate was too damp and cold for one as delicate as I was. It was a good chance to save me. My dear mother and father consulted each other, and the result of their deliberations was that everything would be sold, and we would join the emigrants. Each family had to take farming utensils for a large farm, and provision for a whole year. After that they expected to raise their own supplies.

Chapter IX.

We started early in the spring of the year 1834, and were accompanied by our relations and a crowd of the neighbors as far as Wexford, where we embarked for Liverpool. We remained there for two weeks, visiting our relatives and seeing everything worth seeing. I did not like the looks of the place, and was glad when we left. I was, even when a child, a worshipper of nature in her wildest form, and to be shut in a large city was insupportable to me.

At the expiration of two weeks, our emigrants embarked for New Orleans. The ship being too large to go to any of the Texas ports, we were compelled to land there and charter two smaller vessels to take us to our place of destination. Before starting from Liverpool, every one was in a hurry going from store to store, buying such things as would be required for the use of those who would have to endure the worst of all sickness "le mal de mer." Everything went on perfectly until we entered the Bay of Biscay. There, even at the best of times, it is very rough, but we had the misfortune to encounter a storm. One by one, the passengers were compelled to go to their berths, and before long even the sailors could not walk the deck.

When I saw no one was able to watch me, and that the Captain ordered the hatches closed, I noticed one of the hatches (I think the sailors call them) fastened down to the deck. It was made in something the shape of a square frame with a hole in the back and the front of the frame fastened to the deck. I knew no one would notice me there and I was determined not to go into the cabin during the storm; I got in there. I barely had room to move about in my narrow quarters, but I had gained my point. I could sit there and watch the play of the elements in all their grand display and the waves dashing over the ship as if the angry waters would swallow everything that came their way. I was in my element—I knew no fear. I was young and innocent, and when spoken to about death, I always answered: "We have to die once and we may as well die now as at any other time. God can protect us from danger, if it is His will to do so. It is our place to submit." After the storm had spent itself and the

became calm, the sailors began to walk about with safety. Father tried to make the passengers as comfortable as he could. He was the only one of them able to walk, and during the storm he and the Captain were the only ones able to walk without support, so that the safety of the ship depended on their coolness and bravery.

Among the passengers were a family named Burns. They had one little boy of a very friendly disposition, and very witty. The Captain took a great fancy to him, and he would keep him and my sister with him on deck all day. When an order was to be given, he would take them and make them speak the order after him, and as both of the children were too young to pronounce the words correctly, it caused a great deal of merriment. Every day at eleven o'clock, he would order a waiter full of raisins, almonds, cake, and other things to be brought on deck, and tell sister Elizabeth and Peter Burns to invite the other children to their party. He always made them play host and hostess to their guests. Everything went on splendidly, and nothing occurred to disturb the equanimity of the passengers for about six weeks. We were then at a place frequented by pirates. One day the Captain saw a sail, a mere speck on the horizon at first, but finally growing larger and larger. At last the hull of the vessel was seen through the glass. For two days the glass was kept in constant use, and the vessel remained about the same distance from us. At last the stranger approached, and the Captain ordered the women and children down to the cabin, and the men to defend the ship, if possible. A very funny incident occurred while the men were preparing for action. A man slipped away from the rest and made his wife and daughter hide him between two feather beds. The poor fellow was so badly frightened he forgot that if the pirates conquered us, every one of us would be put to death, and the ship sunk, so that it was useless to hide. When the two ships were close enough to speak through trumpets, they were brought into use, and they both found out it was two merchantmen going in different directions, but as each one had taken the other for a pirate, they had been tacking about for forty-eight hours, each afraid to advance towards the other. When everything was explained, the deserter was found and saved as a source of amusement during the rest of the voyage.

The Captain was afraid to pass through the Florida Straits as he was not acquainted with the American coast, and we had to make the tour of the island of Cuba while we were going around it. We could not keep Elizabeth from going on deck in the middle of the day. She said she had to be there to give orders, that the Captain could not do without her. One day, while on deck, she was sun struck and after lingering two days in the most dreadful suffering, her spirit took its flight to join her angel sisters in heaven. The Captain mourned for her as if she were his own child. He would sit by her an hour at a time without moving. He would get a comb and curl her hair and talk to her as if she could understand him. He wanted to take her to New Orleans for internment, but we were becalmed, and the porpoises followed the vessel in such numbers, the sailors told him he would have to bury her at sea, or we would never arrive at port as long as the corpse was on board. To please them, she had to be sewn in some new canvas, with weights to sink her, and with love and sorrow lowered her into her last home on earth.

Chapter X.

Three days later, we arrived in New Orleans. None of us had ever seen a negro before, and the children were nearly frightened to death. They were a great curiosity, even for the grown people. There was very little to me

us feel satisfied, we arrived at a time when the cholera was raging in New Orleans, people were dying so fast that it was impossible to dig graves, and the dead were buried in trenches. The emigrants were forbidden to eat vegetables or fruit, as it was supposed that they were dangerous, majority obeyed orders, but others disregarded the rules set down for them and were the only ones who escaped. After remaining in that hot house of pestilence and death eight or ten days, Father saw a steamer lying at the wharf, on which he thought one of his cousins named Carr was employed as mate. Mother and my little sister, Mary Ann, then about a year and a half old, were with him. They boarded the boat and inquired of the Captain if Mr. Carr was on board. "What do you want with him?" replied the Captain. Father replied "He is my cousin and the last letter I received from him, he was on board this vessel." The Captain said "Tom, don't you recognize me? If Mr. Carr is your cousin, so am I." There were only the three sisters, one married Mr. Griffen, one Mr. Carr, and the other Mr. Hart. The recognition was instantaneous, and all parties were delighted at the meeting. He then informed Father it was about three months previous Mr. Carr had gone into the Mexican trade and he had not seen him since.

Mr. Griffen asked Father what his intentions were in coming to America and he replied: "I have come out as an emigrant under the Mexican government with Colonel Powers." He said "Oh, Tom! For God's sake do not take your family to Texas. It is inhabited by savages, and no society, and I will give you any situation on the steamer that you wish: if you do not want to stay with me, I will find a plantation for you, between here and St. Louis, where you will be much happier than in the wild, savage country you intend to go to."

Father then answered "I cannot consent to do as you wish. I have come this far, and given my word to Colonel Powers that I would go, and I will not break the promise I have made, if you stop to reflect, you will not wish me to act so dishonorably." "Tom," he said, "if you will not take my advice, I want you to grant me a favor; remain here until I come back from St. Louis, and I will bring you the kind of provisions you will need to keep your family healthy in such a country and climate as the one you are going to. I am well acquainted with the subject and know exactly what is necessary." "I am very thankful to you for your kind offer, but I have provisions on board for over a year." "Yes, but the provisions you brought from home will be sour and musty. The steamer has to leave port in an hour or I would get them now and put them aboard of your vessel. Then I would be certain you could not leave without them, but unfortunately I have no time at present. I cannot detain the boat."

Chapter XI.

On the third day after the departure of my cousin, we sailed on board of two schooners that we had chartered for Aransas Pass, from thence we were to proceed on lighters to Copano. Before sailing the Captain agreed that the one who arrived first should make signals to the other to tell him how to cross the bar. The schooner "Wildcat" was worthy of her name; she made the trip in forty-eight hours and was wrecked on the end of St. Joseph Island, outside of the bar. When the Captain of our schooner saw her, he was going to run into her but Colonel Powers took out his pistol and taking aim, told him that he gave him so many minutes to return the schooner around and take her across the bar. Then we were safely across the bar, Colonel Powers went into the cabin and the Captain, seeing no one was watching him, turned the vessel around and wrecked her just inside the bar.

He ordered all the passengers to go into the cabin and the hold and shut all the hatches and we were so crowded that two passengers were smothered before the hatches were opened.

The next day the cholera broke out on the schooner and during the ty weeks we were compelled to remain on the wreck, the passengers died so fast that they could hardly throw them over as fast as they died. There was a family on board by the name of St. John, of whom my father thought a great deal. One of the children died and it caused him so much suffering to throw it--the child--into the bay that Father borrowed a small yawl that was on the wreck and in company with three other men, took the child ashore and buried it on the island. St. Joseph is a long narrow island, one of a chain that separates the Gulf of Mexico from the bays that separate the mainland from the islands. This chain begins at or near the Rio Grande and extends to Pass Caballo near Indianola. After having buried the child, Father was coming down to the yawl when he saw one of the emigrants lying on the sand. Going up to him, he asked him if he would not go aboard the vessel. He answered that he was too weak to move and all he wanted was a drink of water. The island was uninhabited but Father dug down in the sand until he came to water. He had learned that fresh water could be obtained any place on the shore by digging four or five feet deep. He carried the water to Mr. Paul Kiow and told him he would stay with him until he would be able to go on board. Mr. Kiow answered, "Tom there is no use in remaining. I am going to die and no one can save me. You have a family and I beg of you to take care of yourself for their sake. Do not remain here, it is almost certain death." He said, "Paul, I cannot leave you in this present condition. I will remain and do all I can for you, if I die it must be in performing my duty. God is able to take care of me here as well as any where else, and I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I did not abandon my friend through cowardice." He could say nothing more and Father remained with him until he died. He then buried him and returned to the ship.

As soon as Mother saw him, she said, "Tom, you are sick." He answered "No Elizabeth, I do not feel sick, but I am very weak. I have had no kind of nourishment for forty-eight hours; please get me a cup of tea and a piece of toast and I will be all right." She hurried to comply with his request as quickly as possible, but before the refreshments were ready he was taken with cramps. She warmed salt and applied it as soon as she could and after wrapping him up, gave him warm drinks. Father and Mother had saved two or three persons with this treatment, and they were the only ones who had had the cholera that lived. She worked all night trying to relieve him, and when morning came had the satisfaction of seeing him free from cramps, but he still complained of a lump in his stomach.

After sunrise he was so much better Mother wanted to change his clothes as those he had on were wet with perspiration, but the chest containing his wearing apparel had been put on board the lighter that was to take us to Copano, and the sailors would not allow Mother to get it. They said it was in the hold and they could not get it before they unloaded the vessel. Two men took hold of a feather bed on which Father was lying and lowered it into the boat; he was compelled to remain in his damp clothes until we landed on the beach and the boat was unloaded before we could get clean clothes to change him. By the time we were able to get them, the clothes he had on were dry and I think that was the cause of his death.

We were landed on a sand beach without even a tree to shade us from the sun. Mother got some spades and hay forks and stuck them in the ground

and made a tent with bed clothes to protect Father from the sun, but it was a poor protection on the fifteenth of May, in a country where at the season of the year, the sun is so hot that the ground would burn the feet in the middle of the day if you happened to have on shoes with thin sole

Soon after landing, Father asked Mother to take him out walking and let him see what kind of country he was in. He had not gone far when he begged to return as he felt too weak to go any further. We then went back to the tent and I lay down on the bed by his side. He appeared to be asleep, and I remained very quiet for fear of disturbing him. After sleeping a short time he awoke and called Mother. "Elizabeth," he said, "I am going to die and I want you to promise to keep my children from bad company, and take care of Bridget, never whip her or allow her to be treated with injustice. If you treat her kindly, she will be a good woman, but if the opposite course is pursued, she will be a very bad one. Another promise that I want you to make is that you will give her a good education and then let her learn a trade, so that she can make a living by teaching school; she will have a trade to fall back upon; she is too delicate ever to do hard work. Mary Ann is strong and healthy and I know the love you have for her will induce you to do all you can for her, but above all things teach them to love God and keep good company."

Those were his last words; he closed his eyes and rested quietly as if he was going to sleep, but it proved to be "a sleep that knows no waking." We could procure no lumber of any kind and were compelled to bury him wrapped up in a blanket.

Chapter XII.

Oh! The horror of our situation. My dear good mother must have been a woman of iron nerve to bear up against such trouble, as she had to go through. We were in a strange country, thousands of miles from our friends and relations, on a sand beach exposed to the burning heat of summer or drenched by rain through the day and at night surrounded by wild animals, not knowing the minute we would be drowned. Then there were thousands of naked savages even more to be dreaded than wild beasts, and a company of Mexican soldiers on guard for the purpose of preventing us from moving from that place under two weeks time, for fear we would spread the cholera.

When we were allowed to go to the mission* twelve miles farther in the country, there were only four houses or rather huts, occupied by white people. Mrs. Brown's house was the largest, it contained two rooms. Mr. Scott's had one room. Both of these families were Irish. One American family named Quirk, I do not know where they procured the lumber, but they had a frame house with plank floors. There was only one room in the house, but it was more comfortable than the others, and Mr. Power's house, built like Mrs. Brown's, it contained two rooms, one a bedroom, the other answering for a kitchen, dining room, and sitting room all in one. Every one had to build in the most primitive style with poles to form the walls and roofs thatched with palmetto or coarse grass, a ground floor and no windows, even the doors had to be made of poles.

When we arrived there, we found the Catholic Church which had been built by Spain one hundred years before; the walls were or rock about two feet thick; on one end were two rooms for the use of the priest. The inside was the richest I have ever seen in my travels. The railing in

*The mission was at Refugio, Texas"

front of the altar had a band of silver all along the bannisters and the altar itself was profusely ornamented with gold and silver. The pulpit was very much decayed, but splendidly carved. I do not think you could find one piece as large as your hand without some device being carved on it. Between the pulpit and the door was a statue on a pedestal high enough to reach the top of the pulpit. It looked like a shame to see a church like that filled with corn, but the Mexicans had put it to that use and the whole space formerly used for the accommodation of the congregation was full of corn.

We had to camp but there was no place to shelter even the sick. Mother piled up her trunks and the farming utensils about ten feet from the church to form a tent. It was not very comfortable quarters, but it was the best we could do. No one would build a house for us before they provided for their own families, but promised as soon as that was done to ~~build~~ build a house for Mother.

In about six weeks from the time of our arrival, almost everyone was taken sick with flux. Mother and one more lady (I have forgotten her name) were the only ones left in the place to take care of the sick. The other lady would stay, and go from house to house doing what she could to relieve the suffering and Mother had a block put in the middle of the river large enough to set her wash tub on and she would wash twelve dozen pieces every day. She could not iron for them, for it well she could do to wash for so many sick besides when it was too late for her to wash, she would go around among the sick and help to make them comfortable for the night. My share of the work was to cook and keep the house clean, take care of my sister and carry Mother's dinner to her so that she would lose no time from the washing and as I was not quite eight years old and my sister about a year and a half, I had all I could do and worked hard. With all our exertions, we could not save all, a great many died. It was dreadful to look at them after death; their eyes were always wide open and as clear as crystal, and impossible to close them. As my mother always said: "God always fits the back for the burden." If He had not given her super-human strength she must have succumbed under the trouble of that year.

Chapter XIII.

When the people began to gain strength, they tried to fix their homes as comfortably as circumstances would permit so as to be able to give their whole attention to farming in the spring. We had no one to fence a field for us, but there was a family named Robinson who had a large house, that is large for Texas at that time; it was a regular log house, with two large rooms and a hall, a front gallery, and shed rooms on the back. They also had a large field fenced. This place was situated on Papalote Creek, about thirty-five miles from the mission. It was the nearest house to the settlements and about three miles below on the same creek was a family by the name of Carlisle. There was no other house between the mission and San Patricio.

Mr. Robinson came to Mother and told her he would give her one half of the crop raised if she would go out to the farm and hire a man to work the field, he had no children and as he was a surveyor he said his wife would be too lonesome by herself and the house was large enough for both families. The situation was one of the finest in Texas. The house was built on the bank of the creek and shaded by live oaks with tops in the shape of umbrellas, the wild grape vines covered the trees and formed a

nice cool arb or the sun could not penetrate. Wild flowers of every variety and in the greatest profusion covered the plains as far as the eye could reach. To me it seemed like a miniature paradise. That summer was a very happy one, and the remembrance makes me love it better than anything on earth. My little sister, Mary Ann, the only one left to share my joys and sorrows, was now old enough to go around with me and join in play. I would leave her on the bank of the creek while I would wade into the water to catch crabs and soft-shell turtles. At other times we would go hunting turtle eggs along in the sand of the creek, or out on the prairie after dewberries. We were so much together that she began to call me "Mama" and my mother "Mrs. Hart." It amused us to hear a little girl calling us by these names.

Chapter XLV.

The first time Mr. Robinson went out surveying he camped near where a tribe of Indians known as Tonkawas were having a dance, and as up to that time they had been on friendly terms with the whites, he went to join them in sports. He noticed that the women were eating human flesh, and inquired why they did so. They answered it was to make them and their children savage and that the sweetest piece of meat they ever ate was a Frenchman's heart or a white man's shoulder. When Mr. Robinson came back from surveying, Watt Lambert, the man Mother had hired to work the field, and he went out deer hunting and when they came home at night they brought home what they represented to be a quarter of venison and a eel but the quarter of meat was so large I did not believe him so I took the lantern out and examined it and found a piece of skin about the size of a dollar with the hair on it. I went to the kitchen and told Mrs. Robinson and Mother not to cook any of that meat, it was a young colt. They questioned me to find out how I knew, and I made them bring the lantern to where it was hanging and showed them the hair and on examining more closely they saw the hoof was that of a colt and not a deer. This discovery made us suspect that there was something wrong about the eel, so we declined to eat any of it. The two gentlemen thought they would have a good joke on us by making us eat a piece of a young colt under the impression that it was venison and a piece of rattlesnake for an eel and in order to carry out their intention and induce us to eat some they feasted on both, but their endeavor was useless, as we firmly declined to assist them, and the joke was turned on themselves. Mrs. Robinson took a trip to New Orleans to purchase goods to open a milliner store and about the time she came back the Indians were so hostile that we had to leave the ranch without harvest the crop but as our lives were in danger we were compelled to leave it in the field and return to the settlement for safety.

After our return to town, Mother married Mr. John James. There was no priest nearer than San Patricio and they were compelled to go there to have the ceremony performed. She had left sister and me with a neighbor during her absence,

Chapter LV.

One Sunday a Mexican came to the mission accompanied by a young lady and a young man. This happened before we went to the ranch, and soon after we arrived in town. He said the young lady was his daughter and the young man his son and that he was a priest and come to celebrate mass. This was Saturday evening. We thought it very strange to see a priest with children but Colonel Powers represented to us that the Mexican priest had power to

get married. They did not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, consequently they were not Roman Catholics, and did not submit to the rule of that church, although they called themselves Catholics. This explained the mystery.

The next morning we saw a very large procession of Mexicans marching towards the Church carrying an image as large as life between two men. It was larger than either of them. As soon as they entered the church they began rattling chains and firing guns, and all the grown people went to mass and at certain parts of the ceremony they fired off a large number of guns. My curiosity was excited so I took my little sister and went to the church door, from where I could see what they were doing.

Mr. John James was at the time he married Mother, a widower with two sons; one, the elder, was named John for his father. He was five years old and the other was Dan, age three years. He also had an illegitimate son age fifteen years. His name was Williams. Their father left the children under the care of this boy while he was away from home on business, he was County Clerk and had a great deal to attend to. One Sunday morning William put some meat on the fire to boil. The children were very hungry and John went to get some meat from the pot, his father still dressed him like a girl, and his dress caught on fire and he ran into the street. I saw him and gave the alarm, but before anyone could get to him he was so badly burned that everyone thought he would die. Mother sent for the doctor and then wet raw cotton with linseed oil and kept him wrapped in it for several days. By the time his father came back he was nearly well, but there remained dreadful scars on his neck and arms.

There was a servant girl in the place, named Betty Burns; a rich Mexican persuaded her to consent to marry him. They went to Labardee* where there was a Mexican priest, accompanied by some friends of the bride's but the marriage was a failure. She told Mother that when he was performing the ceremony the priest asked her if she wished to marry for month or a year or for life. She told him if that was the way he married people she did not wish to get married. When we had to run away from the Mexicans and Indians she went to Mobile with us and married a carpenter named John Riles.

Chapter XVI.

In about six weeks after Mother's marriage, the emigrants became very much dissatisfied with the Mexican government. Our contract with them was we were to have one league and one labor of land for each family and one quarter of a league for every young man over eighteen years of age. We were also to import goods free of duty for five years. They gave us the land, but the second year after our arrival in the country we sent to New Orleans for such things as were required for our own use. When they came to the custom house the officers charged one hundred percent on every article imported. The consequence was that the white people revolted and decided to declare themselves free.

Mr. Demmit raised the first company of soldiers marched to Labardee. My step-father joined Demmit's company before he was six weeks married, and helped to raise the flag of independence in Labardee, as it was then called. Mother had his two children and her own to take care of, and William who was more trouble than all the rest and of no service whatever.

*"The mission near Goliad, Texas"

She had several cows in the pen and one evening she found them so contrary that she was as wet with sweat as if she had fallen in the river. She did not stop to change her clothes until she had finished milking the cows, and her work done up for the night. She did not feel the effects of the evening's work until the next day when she was taken down with pleurisy and remained speechless. There was no doctor in the place but her cousin, Marthin Cullen, from Philadelphia, had studied medicine and although he did not practice, he was a splendid doctor. Unfortunately he was lying very sick at his niece's, Mrs. Synot's, and everyone had their houses fastened up and were afraid to leave their houses.

My mother was speechless for two weeks and the only thing I could do for her was to keep her mouth wet with tea. I had heard that certain herbs which grew across the river from our house were medicinal and I made it a rule to go over every day and gather what I thought I would need. With these herbs I made tea and wet her lips with it every few minutes. On the thirteenth day a lady came to the house and asked me what I was doing for Mother; I told her that I could do nothing but keep her lips moist with tea. She told me my mother was dying and I was only making her suffer more, and not doing any good. I sat down by the bed and began to cry.

I do not know how long I was there, for I was in despair and took no notice of time, when Mr. Cullen entered the room, and finding me in that condition inquired what was the matter. I explained everything to him, and repeated what the lady said. After examining Mother, he said, "Had I been able to come when your mother was first taken sick I could have prevented all the suffering by bleeding her, but unfortunately I was confined to my bed, and this is the first time I have been able to leave the house, and it is now too late, but pay no attention to what anyone says to you, but continue the same treatment and by this time tomorrow she will be able to speak to you." His predictions were true and I heard her voice at the time he said I would the next day for the first time in fourteen days.

Chapter XVII.

The next day the soldiers in Laberdee sent Tom Conners and John O'Brien with three ox carts to take all the women and children from the mission to a place of safety, as they had proof that five hundred Mexicans and Indians were going to attack the town. We were ordered to take nothing but provisions for two days, and one frying pan, one coffee pot, and skillet. They would not tell us where we were going for fear the women and children would speak of it, and the consequences would be fatal to us, as the Mexicans and Indians would follow us and kill everyone of us. We were allowed to take a change of clothing also. Besides Mother, there were three others sick, my cousin, Colonel Powers, and his nephew, Martin Powers, who was a cripple. Everybody buried their valuables before leaving. Mrs. Synot tied some money in a handkerchief and putting the rest in a chest together with her jewelry and other valuables, moved her bed, dug a hole, and buried them under the bed, then removing as far as possible all traces of the ground having been disturbed, replaced the bed where it usually stood. She then tied up some of her husband's best clothes, her own, and some for the baby, in a bundle to take with her, but in the confusion and hurry attending our departure, she made a mistake and carried off a bundle of rags. Everybody had to leave their homes as if they were only to be gone a couple of days, as we were told. I made a

hole on the door and threw corn on the floor for my chickens to eat while we were gone. That night the teamsters put feather beds on the wagons for the sick and the others had to walk. It was a sorrowful sight to see so many women and children driven from their homes and not one in the crowd ever recovered anything that was left behind.

As soon as we left, a man named King burned every house in town except Scott's. That family remained and joined the Mexicans. They had acted as spies for them from the beginning of the war. After burning the town Mr. King, accompanied by eight or ten men, took possession of the church and fought from the windows until the dead Mexicans were piled nearly as high as a man's head around Scott's house, and I have been told by an eye witness that if the Mexicans had not had that house to shelter them that King and his men would not have left one alive. Towards the close of the battle the Mexicans placed a cannon at the corner of the house in such a position that they could throw the bombs through the church. After that King was compelled to abandon his position and five of the brave soldiers made their escape.

Chapter XVlll.

After innumerable hardships, we arrived at Victoria in the greatest destitution but orders had been sent to Mr. Lynch, then the quartermaster for the Texas Volunteers, to procure houses for us, and to furnish us with such things as were necessary for our comfort. After we were there five or six days the younger of my step-brothers was taken with cramps; my mother fearing he would die, sent a courier to Laberdee for my step-father. He obtained leave of absence and came home to see us, but could only stay one day and night.

He wanted to take us all to the fort at Laberdee but Mother told him that she had promised Father, when dying, never to take his children into bad company and that she could not break a promise made to the dead. She said they were expecting a battle with ten-thousand Mexicans and Indians, and that she could not take her children to a worse place than that at such a time. Mr. James then said, "Tell Elizabeth, what will you do with my children if I am killed?" "John, I will do all I can for your children they are as dear to me as my own. I will work day and night to support them and when I have no other resource, will take them to New Orleans, both yours and mine, and put them in the orphan's asylum." "Elizabeth, before a child of mine shall go to an asylum, I will take them with me, and if I am killed, they will be turned loose in the woods to do the best they can."

He took them with him and stopped at Mr. McDonough's on the other side of the river from Victoria, and in 1854 I saw Mr. McDonough in Corpus Christi and he told me that the children were crying to go back to Mama and my step-father sat down on a log and cried. He said a man by the name of Poland had advised him to take my mother down in a wagon and take her to Laberdee and into the fort by force. "Oh! Mr. McDonough," said my step-father, "I have been very foolish to listen to that man's advice and separate my children from a mother as good and kind as their mother was to them, only I feel ashamed to do it, I would take them back."

He took them to Mr. Fagan's on the San Antonio River, twelve miles from Victoria, intending to fulfill the promise he had made Mama before leaving, of coming back and taking the family to a place of safety as soon

as his term should be up with the army for which he had enlisted, and it would expire in two weeks. Before he would re-enlist he would place us in safety.

He was the bearer of important dispatches to Fannin and he hurried to Laberdee, accompanied by Mr. Fagan. The Alamo had already fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, but as communications were cut off, we had not yet heard of the massacre of Davy Crockett and his men; yet the Mexican army had already attacked Laberdee and taken Fannin and his men prisoners. As soon as Mr. Fagan and my step-father entered the town, they were both arrested and thrown into prison with Fannin's company.

The fourth day after their arrest, the Mexicans killed a beef and gave one quarter to my step-father and another to Mr. Fagan and told them to take them to a fort where they had some prisoners of war that they intended to send to New Orleans. While there, they heard some firing and asked the Mexicans what that was. The answer, "It is none of your business remain where you are and you are safe." My step-father answered, "There is some treachery, and I must see what it is; let Fannin's fate be what it may, I am ready to share it." No persuasion could keep him back, and he was shot with the rest of the company. Mr. Fagan was saved, because he was a good mechanic and the Mexicans needed such men to work for them.

Chapter XLX.

We had been in Victoria about thirteen days when news came that it was the intention of the Mexicans to attack the town. The place was crowded with women and children who had arrived from different quarters of the country for protection. They were in the greatest consternation when the news arrived. After that no one dared to sleep in his house at night and we all sought the shelter of the brush. There we passed the night almost afraid to breathe for fear we should be discovered by the enemy. At last it became necessary to seek some other place of refuge. A guide was sent with us to Demmitt's Landing of the Guadalupe River.

As I had no fear of death, it was amusing to me to see the consternation depicted on every countenance. I used to laugh at them and say: "We have but one life to lose and we may as well die now, as at any other time." Santa Ana was then commander-in-chief of the Mexican army and had sent out a decree to his officers that everything in human shape over ten years of age was to suffer death, and all under that age were to be turned loose in the woods to do the best they could. It was a perfect reign of terror as none knew the moment that they would be called to their last account and their little children left to starve.

Chapter XX.

The day we left Victoria, Mrs. Quirk was sick and in such condition that it was impossible to move her. Her husband would not abandon her. That night the Mexicans entered and sacked the town. They took Mr. Quirk and killed and quartered him along side of his wife's bed. The next morning she died; it was a happy release from the suffering she would have had to go through had she survived the butchery of her husband. Those who escaped had to walk all day and at night hide in the brush, without a bed and very little to eat. It was heartrending to see a crowd of women and children hunted from place to place like so many wild animals, almost entirely destitute of clothing and provisions. It was in the beginning of

winter and no hopes of any amelioration in our troubles.

At Demmit's Landing the fugitives felt comparatively safe for about three or four weeks. There was a negro family living there and keeping an eating house. It was only a shanty with two rooms, but in our present condition we were very glad to find it. Mother, in preference to having to sleep under a tree exposed to the inclemency of the weather--it was the coldest and most disagreeable winter I have ever seen in Texas--consented to cook, to have shelter and board for herself and two children. We were at that time expecting my step-father with his two children to join us, a then times would be better for us all. The other fugitives had to sleep under trees. News then arrived of the massacre of the Alamo. Men were stricken with fear, and although some of them had relations in our party, not one would stop to save us from our impending fate.

At last two strangers, one of them from Kentucky, the other from Tennessee, rode up to us on horseback and found us trying to build a raft out of logs and sticks by tying them together with rawhide. When our raft was finished we piled our things on it and tried to float it but it would not move. If we could cross the river we could go to Cox's Point and from there to Matagorda, but unless we could cross we were lost. The two gentlemen approached and asked if we had no protection. We told them we had no. They told us not to be disheartened, they would go and get some of the soldiers to cross us over the river and take us to some place of safety. They went to Cox's Point and endeavored to get assistance, but what men were there were so frightened not one would come to our rescue. These two were the only ones willing to risk their lives and they said if all the others were too cowardly to protect the lives of the wives and children of the men who had fallen in battle or of those who were yet on the field exposing their lives for the freedom of their country, they would go alone and die if necessary in trying to save them. I have always regretted not being able to learn their names, the children in our party gave them the name of "Daddy."

About two hours and a half before sundown we saw a skiff coming down the river with a family, who like ourselves were running from the enemy. "Daddy" pressed the skiff into service and crossed all the women and children to the other side. Just as he was landing the last load of passengers it was dark, and we heard someone scream. We thought it was the enemy and the owner of the skiff put his family aboard and went down the river as fast as he could. We had left all our baggage on the other bank of the stream, even what little money we had was forgotten in the excitement of our departure. After we were all hid in a mott on the bank of the Guadalupe, the gentleman from Kentucky swam across the river in order to find out, if possible, the cause of the commotion we had heard on the other bank. It was a party of people running from the Mexicans and Indians who were in hot pursuit, but as the yawl was gone, we were helpless to aid them.

That night there was a dreadful storm of wind and rain and we all gathered together as close as we could to each other to keep from freezing, if possible and our two protectors kept a patrol until morning. We were afraid to light a fire for fear of our retreat being discovered. We had nothing but cold bread and water to eat. As soon as daylight appeared we started for Cox's Point at the mouth of the river, "Daddy" carried my sister and two or three other little children on horseback and the rest of us had to walk twelve miles through a swamp of water nearly up to our knees and the weeds and grass were higher than our heads, so that we were completely concealed. I had very thick, long hair at that time but when

we arrived at the point, my hair was so full of mud Mama had to shave my head to get it clean. It was eight o'clock before we reached the settlement. There we found a boarding house and a sutler's store. The hotel keeper and his wife were kind to us and Mama put sister Mary Ann and me to bed while she washed and dried our clothes. The sutler threw his store open and told us to help ourselves to all we could find that would be of any service to us. There were shoes and each one of us took a pair.

Chapter XXI.

Fortunately the quartermaster stationed at Matagorda had sent three or four boats to carry what ammunition was at the point to Matagorda and all the women and children were taken aboard. As we were leaving a soldier gave my little sister a five dollar gold piece and another threw us a blanket. They saw that we had neither money nor bedding and felt sorry for us. We left the point about twelve o'clock but the hotel keeper did not wish to abandon his home as long as it was possible to remain; however, he took the precaution to put the most valuable of his things in a boat belonging to himself and moored her at the wharf ready to go aboard when the enemy would appear. Guards were stationed so as to give warning.

At one o'clock the dinner was on the table when the pickets came rushing up to the house with the intelligence that the Mexicans and Indians were in sight and that there was not a moment to be lost if they wished to save their lives. All hands went on board the boat as quickly as possible and pushed from the wharf. They were only a few yards from land when they struck a sand bar, and before they could get the boat afloat, the Mexicans fired several volleys at them, but fortunately they were out of musket range and the Mexican's cannon had not yet arrived. They reached Matagorda before we did, our boats being loaded with powder. Every time the bay would be a little rough we would land on one of the islands in the bay and remain there until it could become calm, for fear of wetting the powder. We were one week making the trip and the last three days we suffered dreadfully for water and provisions, as we had neither a drop of fresh water or a mouthful to eat except coffee made of salt water and oysters.

On our arrival at Matagorda we found everything in confusion; four men had arrived there, who by stratagem had saved their lives when Fannin's company were shot at Laberdee. The way they escaped slaughter was by throwing themselves down among the slain and pretending to be dead. One of them told us that while they lay there the Mexicans came up and stabbed them with the point of the bayonet but they kept perfectly still not daring even to breathe for fear of discovery. Mr. Hunter, one of those who escaped, told us that he had seen my step-father shot down with Fannin's men and we had better go to New Orleans. He told us that they lay in among the dead until night and then under cover of darkness, they cut through the woods and along the edge of the water until they had gained a sufficient distance to be safe. They still had to use a great deal of caution but would continue their journey more rapidly to a place of safety.

When we were informed of Fannin's massacre, Mother wanted to go back to the San Antonio River to get my two step-brothers, but the officers would not listen to her entreaties, as the government had chartered two schooners to take the women and children to New Orleans. There were not men enough in the country to protect them and the care of them was too embarrassing. All the merchants were trying to save what they could by putting such things as the Captains would take aboard the schooners and the rest were thrown

into the bay to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Chapter XXII.

We took two cannon to Galveston Island--it was then a sand bar uninhabited by the human race--and I had heard Mother say that when the island was inhabited, one person was found buried eighteen feet in the sand.

We embarked on one of the schooners for New Orleans. A hotel keeper's family was on the same vessel. One day I took her little baby to play with it, and while walking on deck I approached the cabin. The child began struggling and at the same time the schooner carreened to one side and the baby fell into the cabin. Fortunately it was not hurt. It seemed a miracle that the little darling was not killed. The child's mother was keeping hotel at Powder-horn in 1849 when I came to Texas on a visit to my mother and recognized me instantly by the scar I have over my left eye. The first words she said was "Are you not Mrs. Hart's daughter and do you not remember me?"

I told her I had forgotten her, she then reminded me of our voyage from Texas to Mobile during the runaway scraps and how I had let her baby fall into the cabin. This explanation caused me to remember her and I was very glad to meet one of our old Texans--it always appeared like meeting one of my own family. When people go through so many hardships and suffering together, it seems to cement their love and esteem they have for each other in such a way that nothing in after life can change

After I said before my digression, we started for New Orleans but had only been out on the gulf three days, when we were chased by a Mexican privateer. As it happened, the night was dark and the Captain extinguished the lights on board the vessel and changed our course; instead of going to New Orleans as was intended, we went to Mobile.

Chapter XXIII.

We anchored at the wharf during the night; in the morning all the passengers hurried ashore except Mother who remained on board. My sister and I had not even a change of clothing and we had to go to be while she washed those we had on. At that time there was an Indian war in Florida and a great many men from Alabama volunteered to protect the inhabitants from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savages. A steamer called the "Ivanhoe" was moored near our schooner bound for Tuscaloosa. It was the last trip she would be able to make up the Black Warrior before the next winter, as the river was navigable only three or four months of the year. Three or four families from Tuscaloosa had been spending the winter in Mobile and were aboard the "Ivanhoe" returning to their homes; all of them had husbands, brothers, or cousins in the Florida war. When they saw the vessel next morning they thought she was from Florida loaded with refugees and sent aboard to learn the news and find out whether there were any destitute on board. The Captain returned for answer that we were from Texas and that only one lady with two little girls had not gone ashore.

Soon after they sent a messenger to inquire whether we had friends in Mobile or not. We sent word that we had not; we were entirely alone and perfect strangers in that part of the country. They begged us to go with them to Tuscaloosa, at least for the summer, as Mobile at that time

was visited by yellow fever almost every summer and it would be dangerous for us to stay there as we were not acclimated. Mother answered that she could not think of going with them, she was very thankful to them and was forced to decline their proposal. The next time their messenger came back there happened to be on board three gentlemen belonging to a committee to raise money to assist the colonists to carry on the war. As soon as they heard of the massacre of the Alamo and Fannin's company, they concluded that it was hopeless for Texas to think of gaining her independence and distributed the amount they had collected among the refugees. To Mother they gave thirty-five dollars, and hearing what the ambassador said to Mother asked her why she would not go. Her answer was "I do not know who these ladies are, and as I have lost everything except my reputation I have to be very particular what company I keep. I value my reputation more than life."

They told her they would go ashore and find out who these ladies were what reputation they bore, and if they proved to be respectable they would advise her to go as it was dangerous to remain in Mobile during the summer. Mother told the messenger to come back in the evening and if she concluded to take the offer those ladies made her, she would be ready to take the offer those ladies made her, she would be ready to accompany him on board the steamer. The committee made all necessary inquiries and learned that they belonged to the richest and most respectable families in the state of Alabama.

Mother went uptown, purchased a trunk and some clothing for herself my sister and me, and was prepared to accompany the messenger sent to conduct her on board the steamer, "Ivanhoe" in the evening. The names of the ladies were Mrs. Doctor Ball and sister of Doctor Jamison, Mrs. Walk and Mrs. Wiser. The other lady I do not remember, as we never saw her after our arrival in Tuscaloosa.

That night at supper the ladies called for a subscription among the gentlemen and presented my mother with ninety-eight dollars. They also gave us a great quantity of all kinds of clothing of the best quality, in fact enough to supply us for two or three years. The pilot of the "Ivanhoe" was lately married, and as he would necessarily be from home a greater part of the time, he thought his wife would be lonesome during his absence. Consequently, he requested Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Wiser to use their influence with Mother to induce her to live in his house as companion for his wife. As Mother did not like the proposition the ladies told her they would rent and furnish her a home.

Chapter XXIV.

When we arrived at Tuscaloosa our kind friends kept their promise. They rented and furnished us a house and gave us provisions for at least six months. They also gave Mother all the sewing she could do and paid her well for it. Mrs. Ball sent a negro woman every week to do our scrubbing, washing, and ironing. She thought it was degrading for a white woman to do such work and would not permit Mother to do it. She had nine servants in the house and no family except herself, her husband, and two children, and as her house was across the street from us, she saw that her servants did the work for us.

My sister and I went to school to a Mr. Hill who lived five or six blocks from us. About three o'clock one evening he dismissed the school

telling us to hurry home as quickly as possible, that we were going to have a storm. We looked at the sky but could find no indication of what he had predicted except a very small black cloud but we did as he directed, and by the time we arrived at home the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane and it was almost as dark as night. Mother was afraid to stay in her own house and had taken refuge at Mrs. Morrison's. The two houses were not more than five feet apart and when she came to the gate Mrs. Morrison met her and they waited for us. It was hard work for them to keep the gate open until we could get in. As soon as we could we entered the house, fastened the doors and windows, and lighted the lamps. We remained there, trembling with fright, for about fifteen minutes when the storm subsided as quickly as it had arisen, the sun burst forth in all its splendor.

But in the short space of time that the storm raged it had done an immense amount of damage. In front of our house there was a whole row of buildings blown down, with the exception of Mrs. Ball's house, which happened to be built a little farther from the street than the others and protected from the fury of the gale by trees and shrubbery. Not more than a dozen houses escaped injury. The Capitol and Mr. Duff's hotel had all the windows broken, other houses had the roofs blown off or windows demolished. The gardens were entirely destroyed. Mrs. Morrison had a splendid garden filled with all kinds of flowers and another filled with fine vegetables, but when we were able to open the door and look out, the places occupied a short time before by the finest flowers and vegetables, were entirely bare and not even a sign of vegetation left. The hail, wind, and rain had done their work of devastation and made a wreck of everything in their path.

Chapter XXV.

Mother suffered so much on account of my little step-brothers that she could not have patience to wait until the Black Warrior would be navigable and resolved to go by stage to Selma, where she would find a boat for Mobile as the Alabama River is navigable for small steamers through the whole year. The storm had been terrible along the mail route from Tuscaloosa to Selma. The largest forest trees had been blown down, and in a great many places the stage had to go at least three miles out of the way to find a crossing and the passengers would have to get out and walk. After traveling in this manner over a vast tract of wild uninhabited country, for at that time Alabama was only settled along the rivers and the interior was with a few exceptions, a wilderness, we arrived at Selma, then but a small village, but at the head of navigation during the summer months.

We embarked for Mobile, but remained there only a few days, when we started for New Orleans with the intention of going to Texas. As we were approaching Biloxi in Mississippi our steamer collided with one coming from New Orleans. In a few minutes our steamer began to fill with water and all the passengers were transferred to the other boat. She then towed our boat into Biloxi where we had to wait for the next steamer.

When we boarded the next boat my sister, Mary Ann, was playing in the cabin when a rich lady who had been spending the summer in Biloxi and was returning to New Orleans, called her into her state room and asked her a number of questions about her family and herself. My sister,

although young, was capable of answering very intelligently. The lady's name was Mrs. Hulm and she lived one house from the corner of Conti and Carondelet Streets in one of the buildings called "Three Sister" in New Orleans. She was descended from the French and her husband was an Irishman from Dublin who owned some ships trading between Europe and America. At this time he was in Europe but expected to arrive in two or three weeks from date.

Mrs. Hulm invited Mother to go home with her and make her home her home, as long as we remained in New Orleans, but Mother declined for the same reason she had refused Mrs. Hall's and Mrs. Wiser's invitation to go to Tuscaloosa, and ordered her baggage to be taken to a boarding house on Conti Street, kept by a family named Conaway. Mother inquired about Mrs. Hulm and learned that she was respectable and good in every way. And as Mrs. Hulm had lost a little girl three or four months before who resembled my sister so much in size and appearance that you could not tell them apart if the children were together, she could not bear to part from her.

She sent her servant the next day to our boarding house to invite Mother to pay her a visit and take my sister with her. We accompanied the servant and she begged Mother so hard to stay with her that she could not resist her entreaties. Accordingly, we took up our residence there during the three weeks we remained in New Orleans. Mrs. Hulm made use of every argument in her power to persuade Mother to give Mary Ann to her, but Mama told her it was impossible for her to part from her child.

My sister loved the pretty lady almost as well as she did her own mother and the two were inseparable. One day they were in Mrs. Hulm's bedroom and both sewing. After awhile my sister looked up into her companion's face and said, "Mrs. Hulm, I do not think you are so smart. I have finished my sewing and you are not half through yours." Mrs. Hulm had given her a long strip of calico to work on to amuse her and keep her quiet. This strip she had gathered and puckered up into every conceivable shape and was evidently proud of her work. Mrs. Hulm opened her work box, kissed my sister, showing her a five dollar gold piece said, "Mary Ann, if I give you this, don't you think I will be a smart woman?" The child hung her head and reflected a few minutes before answering and replied, "Yes, Ma'am, I think you would be very smart, and I love you." "Well you shall have it for your own. Now tell me, what do you intend to buy with it." "I will keep it as long as I live because you gave it to me," and she kept her promise. Nothing could tempt her to part with it.

While we were in New Orleans Mother visited every part of the city, and every Sunday was spent at St. Patrick's Church where we were sure of meeting people from Texas, to try to gain some intelligence of my step-brothers, but all our efforts were fruitless. One day we were informed that two schooners had arrived from Texas. We went aboard but could learn nothing of our dear ones, but all the refugees were even in a worse plight than we were ourselves, and gave such a dreadful account of the dangers and trials of all the whites in the country, that Mother thought it would be worse than useless to return in search of the children. She was willing to undergo every kind of hardship herself to regain possession of them, but dared not expose my sister and me to the fate that would probably befall us were she to carry out her plan of returning to Texas.

The next boat that sailed for Mobile we took passage on, to await another opportunity of going to Texas. Houses were scarce and we applied to Mrs. Hamilton for two rooms in the widow's row and Mother supported us by taking in sewing. Work of that kind was plentiful and all paid for. There was also a school in the yard and sister and I attended it. The teacher's name was Mrs. Ogden and she saw that every child in the row went every day. It was a very pleasant place as none but respectable widows were allowed to live there. It was a long row of houses, two rooms for each family and separate yards. Those who loved flowers had a chance to cultivate them.

At the close of the first six months Mrs. Hamilton tried to make Mother join the Presbyterian Church. Her husband was a celebrated preacher in Mobile. She told her that if she would join, her children could be educated, and she would have a nice home and not be compelled to put her hands to any kind of work. After listening to such offers for a few days Mother told her a bought religion was no religion and that she preferred renting rooms from some other family where she could live in peace.

Captain Tollman was a native of Mobile, but after his mother and father died, His brother-in-law, Mr. English, sent him to college in to finish his education. On his passage out, when he was coming home, he met a young lady from New-Ross and married her on their arrival in New York. She was acquainted with my mother's family and they became fast friends. As soon as they heard that Mother was going to move, they proposed renting a larger house and letting her have two rooms and a kitchen. As the Captain was so much from home he thought Mother would be company for his wife. The house he rented was near the works.

Mrs. Tollman was taken sick one day and to keep the children away from her so she could be quiet, she ordered the nurse to take the children out for a walk. The next day the baby died and as the nurse had visited a family where they were all down with yellow fever, the other three were taken sick two or three days later. On Sunday morning little Eddie Tollman took a fit. Mother called me up as soon as he was taken and sent me for the doctor and priest. I went for Dr. Mordica first and then for the priest. Church was in and I had to call him out in such a hurry and so frightened, I did not wait to get a clean dress, but put on the first thing I could find and it proved to be an old rag that I had used for some time playing doll with and entirely too short for me; either did I put on shoes, but went barefooted. Fancy my consternation when the priest forced me to go into the church and remain there until the mass was over. I was nearly twelve years old at the time.

Before the doctor arrived at the house, Mother had warmed water and prepared a hot bath. The little fellow was in it when the doctor came and he said it was the best thing she could have done but little Eddie went from one fit into another for five or six hours and the doctor was powerless to stop them. He died about three o'clock in the evening. On Monday we carried him to his last resting place. The next day the oldest Mrs. Tollman's children, Susan, was confined to her bed. Dr. Mordica and the reputation of being the oldest and best doctor in the place. He treated the children for worms and would not believe it possible that children as young as they were could have yellow fever, until Saturday.

I was lying on the bed with Susan Tollman about five o'clock in the afternoon when she was taken with the black vomit, then the doctor acknowledged that he had made a mistake and that it was yellow fever. That night she died and was buried about four o'clock the next day.

Just as the funeral was leaving the house, my sister, Mary Ann, died. It had such an effect on me that I lost my right mind and ran in every direction looking for her and calling her name. At last someone caught me and carried me into the room and made me kiss the corpse. As soon as my lips touched those of my sister, I regained my right mind and comprehended the situation of affairs and tears came to my relief. Next day she was buried and no one but those who have been placed in the same situation can imagine the grief and desolation of our once happy home.

Chapter XXVII.

Mrs. Tollman was so prostrated with grief that the doctor told her husband if he wanted her to live he would have to take her some place where nothing would remind her of her great loss. It was terrible to lose all her treasures in so short a time. The Captain removed her to a hotel and provided a good nurse for her. As she was leaving Mother had to give, but refused to take medicine from the doctor, she had no confidence in his skill. She said he had killed the children by treating them for worms in place of yellow fever. Mr. Tollman procured a dose of calomel from the doctor and begged Mother to take some medicine from him to please him she took it. As soon as she had swallowed it, he told her not to eat anything greasy or cold. That was sufficient--she then knew it was calomel, and going to the mantelpiece got a bottle of castor oil and drank it. That was the only medicine she would take during her sickness.

The day after, the negro woman we had hired was taken down with the fever and her master removed her to his own home. Thus I was left alone with my sick mother and no one could be found for love or money to nurse her. Every house had more or less sickness, and there were not enough people in good health to take care of the sick. I had chills and fever; I was compelled to go to bed while I had a chill, and as soon as it was over I would get up and go to the spring and get a bucket of water, then come back and nurse Mother until the next one would come on.

One day I was lying in bed shaking with the ague as if it would tear me to pieces, when my school teacher, Miss Reynolds, came to the house to see what had kept me from school. The first thing she did was to make a fire and take a bottle of emetic from the mantelpiece and give me a dose. She then put a kettle of water on the fire to warm, and as soon as the emetic began to act, made me drink as much warm water as I could. I never had another chill, and soon regained my usual health.

When she went home she told the Catholic priest the situation she had found us in. He came immediately to see us and found Mama so sick he prepared her for death. She told him she was willing to die, and even anxious if it were not for me, but she dreaded to see me left alone at my age to struggle through the world. He begged her not to let the thought of my future trouble her, he would educate and watch over me until I would have a home of my own. Captain Tollman begged her to let him adopt me, as he had lost all of his children. Seeing that I had friends who would not let me suffer, she became resigned and had her shroud made. She told me to dress her in the blue and white linen lawn

that Mrs. Hulm had given her, and for that reason, she wished to carry it to the grave. But God was merciful and spared her until she had seen her oldest great-grandchild.

The Catholic priest came every day to see us. He was Father Lamras. He questioned Mother to find out what she wanted, but she always answered him that she needed nothing, the pantry was full of all kinds of provisions, and we had sufficient money for our expenses. Yet he could not believe that after all the sickness we had had in our family that we could have much left. He thought that it was pride that prevented us from acknowledging our distress. Every time he came he would take up a book and, pretending to read, would slip either a five or ten dollar bill in between the cover and the leaves of the book. We were afraid to give the money back to him for fear of hurting his feelings, but resolved to assist someone poorer than ourselves. May God have mercy on his soul, he is now dead.

I did everything I could to save my mother's life and God must have inspired me and told me what was for the best. I had the pleasure of seeing her regain her health and strength before winter, but by that time all our resources were again exhausted. I stayed at Mrs. Tollman's and attended school until the first of June, 1838. Mother found occupation as professional nurse at forty-five dollars per month, if the sickness was not serious, but in dangerous cases she received five dollars per day for every twenty-four hours. I have known her to sit up nineteen or twenty days with only one hour out of every twenty-four of sleep. She was afraid to trust her patients to anyone for fear of their doing anything wrong or neglecting the sick. She saved the lives of several after the doctor gave them up, and told them to prepare for death. People had so much confidence in her that she could find more employment than three could attend to. She was always treated with the greatest respect and confidence and there was always a servant to wait on her.

One of the merchants, Mr. Woods, was taken sick with yellow fever and his wife was not able to take care of him. She sent for Mother. Dr. Mordica was employed to attend him. One day he ordered Mrs. Woods to make some beef tea for the patient, no one in the house knew how to make it except Mother and they were ashamed to ask her. Mrs. Woods got two pounds of lean beef, cut it into small pieces, put it into a bottle and placed it on the fire to boil. So far it was all right, but in place of putting a quill through the cork, she stopped the bottle as tight as she could, left no place for the steam to escape; the consequence was the bottle burst.

Then she killed a chicken, pounded it up and added it to the beef and boiled it down to about a pint. She then toasted some bread until it was nearly burnt and soaked it in the soup. This she insisted on giving her husband to eat and champagne wine to drink. Mother told her that she would kill him, but she answered that the doctor had ordered it. In about an hour he began throwing up something resembling coffee grounds. The doctor was sent for immediately and pronounced it black vomit. There was a gentleman boarding at the next house who always came to assist when Mother needed help. He was present and the doctor told him to prepare Mr. Woods for death and to tell him to settle any affairs he had to attend to for his family, as he had only a few hours to live.

When informed of what the doctor had said, Mr. Woods caught the

headboard of the bed and raised himself to a sitting position, and turned to Mother and said: "Mrs. Hart, is what the doctor said true? Am I going to die?" She answered "No, keep quiet and I will save you by the help of God. I told them they would make you worse if they gave you the soup or champaign wine. You had no black vomit, it was only the nourishment that you took that was too rich for your stomach, and the wine turned it sour and forced you to throw it up."

To settle his stomach and keep down inflammation she got some of the best French brandy and a pound of allspice, ground the spice, heated it with the brandy and put a poultice on the throat and stomach and bowels. After this was done, she threw away everything the doctor had prescribed and pounded up some mint and steeped it in brandy and gave it to him to drink. In a few minutes the vomiting ceased and he felt better but the next day the crisis came on. At this stage of the disease the patient gets cold and has the appearance of sinking, if there is nothing done to renew the circulation of the blood, death quickly ensues and a great man die at this stage for want of care. In place of rubbing and trying to keep the blood in motion almost everyone throws the bed clothes off the patient and this always proves fatal. Mrs. Woods was so frightened that she threw all the bed clothes except a sheet from the bed, thinking he would breathe easier if he had lighter covering. Mama took red pepper and vinegar, and dipping some flannel cloths in this mixture, she made a gentleman who was in the room help her and they rubbed him until their hands were blistered. Then they covered him very warmly and gave him no nourishment except mint Julep.

The doctor came next day and was surprised to find him still alive. He began feeling his pulse, then his neck, and finding the poultice inquired what it was. Mother told him it was a poultice of allspice. Dr. Mordica asked her to tell him how she prepared it and what she had done for the patient. Mother explained everything to him and he approved of her treatment, requesting her to continue the same course but still had no hopes of saving the sick man. The next day he found him better and on the fourth day he pronounced him out of danger. Turning to Mother, he remarked, "Mrs. Hart, we will pull our patient through the attack of yellow fever." Mr. Woods stopped him saying, "Do not say we, had I been depending on you, I would now be a dead man; it is to Mrs. Hart alone I owe my life, she save me when you gave me up." This made the doctor hate Mama but whenever he had a bad case, he always sent for her although they never met as friends. She always accused him of killing my sister.

Chapter XXVIII.

On the first of June, 1938, Mother entered me as a boarder in the Convent of The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin about four miles from town. I had read and heard so much about nunneries, that I was very much opposed to going there. Among other lies told of these kind, good ladies, who had devoted their lives to the love and service of God and the instruction of young ladies, was that when one of the inmates would displease the Superior she would be locked up in a dark cell and starved; or have a skelton chained to the bed post and every time she would move through the night the bones and the chain would rattle and make a dreadful noise so as to keep the occupant of the bed in constant terror. The worst book written about nunneries was one published by the paramour of a woman called Maria Monk. She had been received as an outside sister in a convent at Georgetown in the District of Columbia, She could not write but in every

nunnery there are some uneducated women who do the housework and go on errands for the nuns. This woman proved to be a disgrace to them and was expelled. To revenge herself she made her paramour write a book against nunneries which is entirely sensational and not one work of truth in the whole book.

The day I entered the convent, as a boarder, the dear, good sister took us all through the house and showed us everything on the premises. When we entered their bedrooms they told us to notice them particularly as they were the cells Maria Monk spoke of. They were very pleasant rooms and very comfortable. We were next taken to the assembly room, a large well-ventilated apartment where the sisters assembled at certain hours of the day for recreation and amusement, thence to the infirmary situated directly over the parlor. It consisted of two large, well-ventilated rooms and a dispensary full of everything necessary for an invalid. They were in the second story of a brick building.

The lower story was occupied by the parlors, and at one end was a very long room, frequently used as a music room when some young ladies' near relatives came to see them. In that case we always used it as a parlor to receive our friends in. Next to this was the hall or entrance which was divided in two parts by a partition, in which was placed a round box with an opening on one side. This was held in place by pivots on which it turned. In this box were placed the packages which were to be delivered or received, and the opening turned toward the receiver of the package. Between this and the door was a grate which was opened when the bell rang and through which the portress conversed with the visitor. Next to this entry was another parlor, the same size as the one I have described, but divided in two by iron rails. This parlor was used when some casual acquaintance came to visit them. The young ladies were always permitted to go into the outside parlor and one of the nuns sat on the inside where she could see and hear everything that passed between the visitors and the boarders. We were never left alone except with our near relatives.

From the infirmary we were conducted to the wardroom. This was fitted up with shelves divided into separate compartments with the name of each child marked on her shelf. We were not allowed to take charge of our own clothes. Twice a week our clean clothes were left on our beds and the next day we were required to take our soiled clothes in a bundle to the door of the wardroom; from here they were taken to the laundry. We were taken to the dormitory, a large, pleasant, well-ventilated apartment about eight feet square; each boarder had to furnish her own plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoons. From here we went to the kitchen and dining rooms. They were in a frame building one hundred feet long and forty wide. The lower story was divided into three rooms. At one end was the kitchen and the rest was divided into two dining rooms, one for the boarders and the other for the sisters. Here everything was the same as in every other part of the establishment in perfect order and not even a speck of dust on anything, even in the corners.

Our next visit was to the chapel. It was divided into three parts, one for the sisters, another for the strangers, and the third division for folding doors which when thrown open admitted the young ladies into the main chapel. At other times it was used as a music room or a school room whichever it was needed for. Joining this was the principal ^{school} room.

where we studied and where the highest class in every branch received their lessons. As to the garden; it was splendid, filled with all kind of fruit, flowers, and vegetables. After visiting this we returned to the parlor through a small flowery run that separated the nunnery from the parlor. Here I had to say good-bye to one of the dearest and best mothers that ever lived. The parting was very painful, but she promised that if I did not like to remain after the first term she would allow me to leave, everything was so peaceful and the sisters so kind I could not make up my mind to leave.

Soon after I went there the nuns left a young lady postulant to take care of us while they were at supper. We had been walking in the garden and had seen a pile of melons near the gate. The girls made a plot to send two of their number into the garden to get the melons while two others would carry them to the house. When night came it was dark but Miss Mansory and Miss Lote crawled into the garden on their hands and knees and rolled the melons to the gate. The others were waiting to carry them to the house. Our guardian had procured a barrel and placed it under the gallery to put the vines in. When I ascertained what they were doing, I was so badly frightened I hid in a closet that I might prove innocent when we would be called to an account, but the girls found me and the young lady who had been left in charge of us, made me eat a part of the stolen melons. That night none of us could eat as we had made such gluttons of ourselves that we had to unfasten our dresses.

Another day the sisters gave us permission to go whortleberry hunting and when we were tired we sat down on the grass to rest. I soiled my dress, and did not notice it until next day when I went to the sewing class at eleven o'clock and Sister Philomene told me to leave the room, and sent one of the girls to tell Sister Margaret to give me a clean dress. This frightened me so badly, I ran to the Superior and begged her not to allow Sister Margaret to kill me. I then fell down exhausted and they carried me upstairs and put me to bed where I had to remain two days. The dear, good sisters watched over me with the greatest care and the most unremitting kindness, until I was entirely well and then told me the story of Maria Monk. "Some of them were in Georgetown Convent when she was expelled from that institution and then the book was written through revenge.

Oh my God, why is it that such wicked people are permitted to slander such holy persons and how can others be found to believe such slander, and even be anxious to read the book written by such criminals.

Chapter XXIX.

The next year, in 1839, Mother resolved to wait no longer but to return to Texas in the spring as Mr. and Mrs. Riles were going to the mission, our old home. They were compelled to remain for several days in New Orleans, where she met Mrs. Bray, a lady who was at Labardee at the time of the massacre and who made her escape on foot to Mr. Fagan's. There she encountered Mrs. Burns and several other ladies and they resolved to go to New Orleans if possible. She told Mother that Mrs. Burns and she had brought my step-brothers to New Orleans and put them in the asylum. They went there in hopes of finding the children, but were informed that they had been bound out and gave the address of the parties to whom they had been given. Mrs. Bray and Mother walked up and down the

the streets of the city for three days inquiring in every place for the children but could hear nothing of them.

In 1859 Bishop Odin of Galveston came to see us and we begged him to try to find the children for us, as we thought that what property had saved from the wreck of their father's fortune might be of some help to them and we were anxious that they should have it. To enable me to find them I wrote a description of the elder one, who had been burned before Mother married his father, and described all the scars left on the burns on his neck, arms, and hands so well that when Bishop Odin saw him and questioned him so adroitly of his past, there could be no doubt of his identity and sent him to us in Corpus Christi. He told us that for years after our separation his little brother and himself were consolable for the loss of my mother; they missed her love and kindness so much it seemed to them they would never find her equal again. They had heard of the efforts she made in New Orleans to find them, but had no means of communication so that they despaired of ever being able to find her. The cause of this was, the person to whom my elder brother was apprenticed moved to Chicago, and the one who had taken the younger brother died, and he fell into the hands of another family so that all trace of the children was lost.

Mother found a small schooner on which, in the company of Mrs. and S. Riles, and also a Mr. Reid, she embarked for Texas. The voyage was pleasant but after her arrival although she found friends everywhere, she had to suffer incredible hardships. There were no roads and the only mode of travel was in an ox-cart or on horseback. Provisions of every kind were very scarce, and the Mexicans and Indians were a terror to the whites; no one's life was safe for one hour. There was no telling what moment the enemy would attack the settlements and murder the inhabitants. Every paper we received in Mobile was full of the most atrocious Indian massacres. I wrote letter after letter but could receive none in return. There was at that time no communication established between the United States and Texas; all letters and papers were sent to Galveston and from thence distributed throughout the Republic. A few days before Christmas I received all the letters my dear mother had written me during a year and another from Mr. Reid saying that when Mother would pass through Galveston he would join her on her homeward voyage, as he thought was old enough to marry and he was anxious to have a home of his own and would not wait any longer. He kept his promises but was taken sick in New Orleans and died there.

Chapter XXX.

That year the negroes revolted and the yellow fever broke out in Mobile. Mother did not receive any of my letters until the week before she left the mission to come home; then she received a large package. During the time the yellow fever was at the worst stage, the white people had to keep up a patrol both in the town and in the country. In spite of the precautions taken, the negroes held their assemblies headed by abolitionists from the North. Their plan was to have one negro in each house and as the poor, panic-stricken inhabitants would try to escape from the flames, kill them. Fortunately for the inhabitants, some of the negroes became impatient and set fire to some houses about 2 o'clock.

This, of course, alarmed the inhabitants and everyone was on the

alert. The fire companies were at the scene of conflagration as quickly as possible but the fires were in so many different parts of the town at the same time, that they could do nothing toward arresting the flames. A great many houses were blown up, and at the convent, although four miles from town, we were afraid the house would take fire in spite of all the precautions taken to prevent such a calamity. The yard was literally covered with chunks of fire and cinders, thrown from the house that had been blown up. It was terrible to see the distress of the inhabitants--the sick dragged from their beds to keep them from burning and thrown on drays or wagons, any vehicle in which they could be moved to a place of safety, perhaps to remain there only a short time before having to undergo the same suffering a second time. One-half of the town burned down before the fire could be arrested.

During the whole summer Mother read in the papers the accounts of the horrible transactions and she had no chance to come home. What a situation for a mother, separated by hundreds of miles from her only child and not knowing what would be her fate. It was easily understood by those who have been placed in similar situation but not by those who have been spared such trials. And what were my feelings in regard to her? Trying to be brave and improve all I could that she might be proud of her child on her return, when my heart was torn with anguish on account of the danger to which she was exposed.

My darling Mother arrived in Mobile the last of March and the joy of again clasping her in my arms repaid me for the suffering caused by her absence. She did not remain in Mobile long, only while she arranged for another year for me in the convent and made arrangements with Mr. Lyons to furnish me what ever I needed during her absence. As we frequently joined together in the school to celebrate the birthday of some of our teachers by giving a dinner and in the evening an amateur theatre I would need money and she did not want me to give less than the other young ladies. We would get up our performance and have the sisters for our audience. We had more real happiness in those innocent amusements among ourselves than the most fashionable belles at their grand balls.

As some of us were timid and a little embarrassed when we went into society there was a dancing master engaged for three quarters to teach us dancing and how to enter a room with ease. This cost each of us sixty dollars extra besides a pair of satin slippers every two weeks at two dollars and a half a pair. The gentleman employed had the reputation of being the best dancing master in the United States. I heard so much about the Indian massacres in Texas that even while taking my dancing lessons I could not help thinking of the danger to which my mother was exposed, and in the middle of a dance my mind would be so occupied thinking of such things that I would forget where I was and stand perfectly still until Mr. Clissy would ask me what I meant by putting the set out. He would scold and say that he could not tell why I acted so silly, that I was the most graceful and the best dancer among his scholars and it provoked him to see me stop in the middle of a set.

Chapter XXXI..

Mother came back the next fall and did not return to Texas until after I was married and the mother of three children. The youngest died when it was ten days old of lock-jaw. Mother then went back to Texas. The day she left we accompanied her to the steamer. My oldest son, then

about two and a half years old, did not shed a tear but he looked like one heartbroken. From that hour he refused to eat or drink and became so weak that it brought on fever and sore mouth.

The doctor could not tell what was the matter with him and experimented so much I wonder they did not kill him; they used such strong medicine to cure his mouth that it burnt two of his teeth out. At last they gave him up in despair. We chartered a boat for two or three weeks as the doctor told Mr. Priou he would have to send me to Biloxi or some other place across the bay for a change of air and sea-bathing. We stopped at different places along the bay. I was accompanied by two other families who were near neighbors. Mrs. Philips and family and Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. Each family took their own servants and had it not been for anxiety caused by Julian's illness I would have had a very pleasant trip.

A few days after my return Mother came back from Texas but only to remain a short time. I had Julian lying on a pillow; he was so emaciated it looked as if the bones would pierce the skin. At first he did not notice his grandma but as soon as he recognized her voice he stretched his arms toward her as if he wished her to take him. From that day he began to improve and in a few days began to walk and gained strength rapidly. He had no sickness, it was only grief caused by being separated from my mother.

She did not leave me again until John was five weeks old, and when Lyons and Mr. Walkington of Mobile heard that she was again returning to Texas they begged her to take a few goods and open a store in some part of the country. They said the profit on the goods would pay her expense. She told them she did not wish to take them as she did not have sufficient money to buy a good supply of goods. They told her they did not want money until the goods were sold and insisted on putting up an assortment for her suitable for the market in Texas. At last she consented and Mr. Priou proposed going for her security but the merchants said: "We have known Mrs. Hart longer than we have you and we do not want security--we know that we can place confidence in her. If she sells the goods and is not killed by Indians we are sure of our money; her word is better than another's bond."

Chapter XXXI.

When she left she told us her intentions were to open a store either at the mission or Corpus Christi, but had not as yet decided about the locality. The Indians and Mexicans were still bad. She left Mobile in 1848 and went direct to Indianola. There she chartered a small boat to take her and her goods to Corpus Christi. On her arrival she found every house occupied, so she resolved to store her goods in Gillpin and Beldin warehouse until she could find a vacant house to open store in.

I received one letter from her after her arrival and no more but every paper had dreadful accounts of murders committed by Mexicans and Indians even inside of the town. This grieved me so much that Mr. Priou found me weeping every day and became alarmed lest I would die of grief. Julian was also grieving and it was certain that if I did not take him to Mama he would not live.

The child's nurse I had at that time was a negro and as I was going to the frontier I was afraid to take her for fear some bad person would

persuade her to go to Mexico. It was a difficult matter to get white servants and our only chance was to hire one of the emigrants who had just landed. Our selection was unfortunate; we hired a woman to go with me to nurse the children and wait on me. I had her about two weeks before I left home. She was always complaining of being sick. I thought it was true and that she only needed a little rest, consequently did not ask her to do anything, as I had three other servants I did not need her at home. Mr. Priour promised to pay her children's board while she would be away and that I would bring her back when I returned, but I had reason to repent of my bargain.

On arriving at New Orleans I sat down at a coffee stand waiting for a hack to take me to a boarding house. In my hand I carried a tin box such as we used at that time for holding tea—it held two pounds of tea. This box Mr. Priour had filled so full of gold and silver that I could not shut the lid down to lock it. The Creole woman who kept the stand told me I had better not be so careless or I would be robbed. I laughed and answered that I did not think that there was any danger. On arriving at the boarding house I handed the box to the landlady without counting the money or taking a receipt. When the steamer was ready to sail I went for my money and after paying my board I had barely enough left to pay for it and a deck passage, but what could I do? I had neither witnesses nor a receipt, and under the circumstances I thought it better to say nothing and that I could sell some of the sugar and coffee I was taking to Mama so that I could pay my board until I could get more money from home.

The clerk of the steamer was Mr. de Coster and having been at Springhill College when my brother-in-law, Reverend Julian Priour, was one of the professors there, knew me by the address on my trunk. His wife was on board and he was acquainted with my mother, he brought her and introduced her to me. Both of them wanted me to take a state room but as I had not the money to pay for it I was too independent to place myself under a compliment to anyone, preferred to suffer. When they found I would not accept of their kindness they sent me a pillow and mattress and I never even unrolled them. I was suffering too much from mortified feelings on account of the conduct of my servant. Every few minutes she would cry out "Oh! I would give my life for a glass of whiskey!" And several of the sailors gave her liquor. And to think that by the agreement Mr. Priour made with her I was forced to keep her until I went home. Even now after the lapse of so many years I am filled with horror when I think of the suffering of that trip and with gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. de Coster for their kindness.

On arriving at Indianola I went to the hotel and told them how I was situated. The lady who kept the hotel asked me if I was not Mrs. Hart's daughter. She knew me when I was a child and recognised me by a scar on my left eye. I told her I was, and wanted to go to my mother in Corpus Christi. She said she was very sorry but that her house was so crowded she had not a place to give me. She had to make pallets even in the dining room but would take me to one of her friends who would let me have a room and board and for me not to sell anything and she would be responsible for my board. The next day Scotty Stewart, a boatman whom Mother had employed to carry her goods from Indianola to Corpus Christi, came to the hotel and inquired if I wanted to go to my Mother. I was very glad of the chance and I borrowed money from my servant to pay my hotel bill.

The first night we left Indianola we only crossed over the the island opposite where we passed the night at his house. Mrs. Stewart did everything she could to make us comfortable. About ten o'clock the next day we started on our journey and were two weeks making the trip. The Indians were so bad we were in constant terror of them and did not dare to approach the land. Every once in awhile our boat would strike an oyster bank or some sand bar and then the sailors and Captain would have jump out into the water and push the boat off. When we came to a place called half-way house, we were suffering so much for want of water, the Captain resolved to land in spite of everything and fill the water barrels from the cistern. The house was vacant, as the family who had built it were compelled to abandon it to save their lives from the Indians. We only remained long enough to procure water for the rest of the journey; here again my servant mortified me dreadfully by making the sailors carry her ashore in their arms. I went ashore without assistance and did not get my feet wet.

Chapter XXXIII.

From there we continued our journey to Corpus Christi. The day before we arrived the Indians had killed a man named Long Scotty and a Mexican, about nine miles from town on the other side of the reef, while they were hunting game. The town was a scene of excitement and terror, the inhabitants making preparations to take refuge in a large brick building surrounded by a brick wall and known as the Man warehouse, having been built by a merchant of that name. I found my mother preparing to move into a house belonging to Mr. Richard Powers, for which she paid twenty-five dollars per month rent.

Goods at that time were very dear; merchants realized at least four hundred percent over actual cost. Mother said it was robbery and she sold at two hundred percent over cost. She would have sold cheaper but the risk of losing money she sent for goods and that of losing the goods themselves was so great she concluded that she would sell at two hundred percent instead of four hundred percent as the others were doing. That would secure her against all losses by shipwreck or fire. She began selling her goods the week after my arrival and in a few days had received over double the amount she had paid for the goods. She left me in charge of the store while she went back for a larger stock and finer assortment. Before she came back I had disposed of the rest and the store was ready for a new stock.

Some of the inhabitants wished to go out to a place called the "Twelve Mile Motts" where Colonel Kenny was going to establish a new town called Nuecestown but it was dangerous to go so far. Colonel Kenny and Colonel Hopson formed an escort and took their families and a great many other ladies and as I had heard so much of the beauty of the situation, accepted an invitation and accompanied them on their pleasure excursion. It is a rolling country, interspersed with motts, everything was green, and at that time it was really lovely. One German family had moved out here but not having had time to build, were living in tents. As everything was new to me I spent a very pleasant day.

Soon after this visit I returned to Mobile, but left Julian with Emma. Mr. Priour came out to Texas soon after I went home to take more goods to Mother and spend Christmas. His journey out was as pleasant and he found everything so green and game in such abundance, that he caught

Texas fever and was never satisfied in Mobile afterwards.

Chapter XXXIV.

In 1851 Mother came in October to lay in her supplies for winter. was having a new store built and could only stay a few days. Mr. Priour told me to go back with her and he would go after me Christmas. I was very glad of the chance but did not like to take my eldest child to school. He told me there was no necessity for that, I could leave Mother to take care of her and she would have vacation Christmas, he would bring her when he came. This arrangement pleased me and I had a very pleasant trip. At Christmas, according to promise he started for Texas accompanied by our little Elizabeth or "Lizzie" as we called her. When he arrived on the wharf at New Orleans he left Lizzie on the steamer under the care of a lady while he went to buy some fruit and money for her. I suppose he did not come back as soon as she wished him to come and she started out to search for him. When she came back to the steamer there was no Lizzie to be found, the boat was ready to start and no one could give the least account of the child.

A poor crippled German standing on the wharf inquired how she was dressed. Mr. Priour explained the color of her toilette and the way her dress was made and he started down the levee. In a short time he returned with the child on his back. Mr. Priour had taken his trunk from the steamer, resolved not to leave until he would find her, but as soon as he saw her he ordered his trunk put back on board, and taking the child in his arms, jumped aboard as the gang-plank had been raised. He tried every thing he could to attract the German's attention as he wished to reward her for his kindness but in vain. The man never even looked toward the boat. As soon as the boat began to move she amused the passengers by remarking "Oh, Papa, see, see--the houses are all running away," and pointing every sign as she passed.

When they arrived at Pass Caballo the tide was low and the steamer lay three days on the bar. It seemed to the passengers at every moment as if she would go to pieces. Mr. Priour did not care for himself, but was uneasy on Lizzie's account and was overjoyed when Scotty Stewart's boat came along and asked if there were any passengers for Corpus Christi. At the first favorable opportunity they were put on board and had a good voyage. There was great rejoicing when we were once more assembled with my mother's.

Chapter XXV.

Mr. Priour told me I should not go home any more, the voyage across the Gulf was too dangerous. He would go himself and rent the homestead, sell the cows, horses and wagons and carriage and we would settle in Corpus. I did not like the rough life I would have to lead in a little frontier village, yet there was so much truth in what he said I consented to remain on condition that he would not sell our homestead. I thought I would not like Texas as a place of residence; he could not have the surries or even the conveniences of life he had been accustomed to at home and would soon get tired of such a life, but I was sadly disappointed. He could have a garden and plenty of game and as he was passionately fond of hunting and gardening he cared for nothing else. The country to him was a perfect paradise while it remained in its wild condition. At that

time there were only twenty-five white families living in Corpus Christi.

In 1853 Colonel Kenny got up a fair in order to attract emigrants to Corpus. During that year a great many English, Scotch, and Welsh arrived in town. Some of them were well off and others were poor people trying to find employment more remunerative than in their country. The poor were compelled to live in tents. The consequence was they all got sick.

Mother could not bear to see such destitution and she took as many as she could into the house. There was one poor girl who had left home as a servant with a family named Jenkins. On the trip out she took cold and it being neglected it changed to consumption. After they came to Corpus, the only nourishment given her was old, rotten biscuit and water. From this treatment she became so weak she was unable to work. As soon as they found out that she would be of no further use to them Mr. Jenkins told her to go to Mrs. Hart and ask her to take her.

Miss Jemima Byrd answered: "Mr. Jenkins, how do you think I can have the face to go to a perfect stranger and ask her to take care of me in my sickness, when you, who brought me away from my own family, will not do anything for me?". "Well, she takes care of all the poor in Corpus Christi, and will do as much for you as for the rest." "I want you to pay me what you owe me; I have worked and suffered enough for it, and now I am no longer able to support myself, I need what you owe me." He told her he would pay some other time but the time never came. He did give her one dollar when Mother paid him for some goods she had purchased from him.

The next day Jemima came to the store, looking so weak, Mother ordered the cook to set the table and give her some soup and other delicacies such as she thought suitable for one so weak as she was. Then Jemima said, "Oh, Mrs. Hart, if I could stay here and have such nourishment as this, I would soon be well. I have nothing but mouldy biscuits and cold water. Sometimes I long so much for something better and when I see the neighbors eating their meals I set on the steps in hopes that they will offer me something to eat, but they are afraid of Mr. Jenkins so take no notice of me, although they know I am starving. Today he told me that you took care of the poor in Corpus Christi and that you would do as much for me as you did for the rest."

Mother said, "Jemima, I make it a rule never to interfere between an employer and those he has working for him for I would not like any one to interfere between us and my servants. I consider such an act as the most dishonorable thing a man or woman can do, but if you will go back tonight and tomorrow come back with a note from Mr. Jenkins to certify that he does not require your services any longer, I will take you and do everything I can for you."

She left to go back, but was so weak she had to sit down before she had accomplished half the distance. Mrs. Bryden came to the store to look for her, and she was accompanied by Mrs. Almond. Their sympathies were aroused and they were afraid she had fallen dead on the street. When they heard that she had left the store to return three or four hours they were still more alarmed, and instituted a search for her. She was found, completely exhausted, sitting on the steps of a house half

way between the store and Mrs. Almond's. They assisted her home and next day she came back with the required note. We employed a doctor immediately for her and when he failed to relieve her we made him call in three army doctors to hold consultation, but all in vain; she had been neglected and treated so brutally that she could not be saved.

About this time the Indians were worse than usual and were advancing to attack the settlement. Four or five companies of soldiers were stationed in the town and the officers resolved to meet them and give them battle. They met near Lagoon del Madre and had a very severe battle. They succeeded in driving the savages out of the country but lost several soldiers. One poor officer had twenty arrows in his body. He was taken to the military hospital, situated about three hundred feet from our house, where he died, at the expiration of two days, of his wounds. I cannot remember his name but he was held in great esteem on account of his many virtues and his efficiency and skill and bravery as an officer.

Chapter XXXVI.

Mr. Priour was on the point of returning to Mobile on business connected with our property. Mrs. Doyle gave him money to purchase a gun for her son. As he did not know how long he might be detained, he sent the gun by return of steamer. As soon as the young man received it he started across the reef to hunt. He was in company with a Mexican. They saw a party of Indians while on the prairie and ran for the brush. Mr. Doyle was so excited he threw his gun away; the Indians picked it up and continued the chase. They saw where he hid and shot him with his own gun. The Mexican was only a short distance away from him but escaped observation. He lay still until night and returned to Corpus and safety. The inhabitants turned out and went in search of his (Mr. Doyle's) remains and he was buried the next day. I hope I shall never witness such distress and grief again. He was only sixteen years old and the only boy in the family. It came near killing his mother; she seemed to reproach herself as long as she lived for sending for the gun yet any other person would have done the same thing under the circumstances.

This was the last person killed by the Indians in the immediate vicinity of Corpus Christi. The soldiers stationed there proved too watchful for them, besides the state employed several companies of rangers who were good Indian hunters and not afraid of suffering. These hunters were constantly in the saddle and took a pride in their occupation. No place was too dangerous for them to go, on the contrary, they appeared reckless and to court danger. With such men on trail the Indians had a hard time.

In 1854 the Indians surrounded Mrs. Corrigan's house on the Aransas River. The men were plowing in the field when they saw the savages crawling up the banks of the river among the ravines near the field. In an instant the men unharnessed the horses and hastened to protect the family. Mr. Corrigan had gone to St. Mary's to get a plow mended and was hourly expected. As soon as Mrs. Corrigan saw the Indians she jumped on the fleetest horse in the stable, rode through the Indians, and away as fast the horse could go to save her husband's life. She met him several miles away and they both broke through the barrier made by the savages and regained the house in safety. This had the effect of frightening the Indians and they abandoned the siege.

Chapter XXXVII.

When Mr. Priour heard of Mr. Doyle's death he was very much grieved and always regretted having sent the gun to him before coming back himself, but it was done to afford the child pleasure.

Jemima lingered for nine or ten months, sometimes worse and sometimes better. Major Chapman's wife would come to the store and bring bottles of cod liver oil and other medicine that the doctors ordered for her. She used to say to Mother, "I think it a disgrace for the people of Corinth to leave the whole care of the poor on your shoulders."

About a week before her death Jemima said she felt strong and taking a wash basin with some water, began washing the windows in the store. I told her to quit, that she was not able to be out of bed and do herself justice, but she would pay no attention to me. I then called Mama, but it was useless. Mother said "Jemima, what do you mean by acting in that way? Don't you know that you are going to make people talk bad of us, and say we must be brutes to allow you to work while you are so weak?" She said, "Oh, Mrs. Hart, I will soon be well, and then let any one who dare say a word against you or your family. If they do I will make them pay for it--you have been like a mother to me, but how did everyone else treat me because I was poor? They thought me beneath their notice. I could have died only for you who were charitable enough to take care of me, as you have done with all the poor in this place when they were stricken and deserted by their own country-people."

She continued to wash the windows but had not finished the second pane of glass when her feet began to swell and she lose the use of her lower limbs. We had to put her on the couch in the dining room for convenience so that Mother could watch every change of sickness. Sometimes she would appear better, at others like one in the last stages of consumption. Yet she retained her right mind until about ten minutes before death.

For sometime she wished to be a Catholic and begged to be baptized, but as she had never been instructed in the doctrines of the church the priest was afraid she only wanted to be a Catholic just to please us. So Father O'Reilly told her she would have to wait until she would be able to understand the rules of the church. The day she became so helpless I asked her if she did not want to see a minister of her own church. She said, "Yes, Mrs. Priour, if there is any other besides Father Lafferty. I have no respect for him as a minister of the Gospel. When I had no friends and was a stranger, he would go up the steps into Mrs. Almond's and pass me without noticing me, or even saying good evening."

I had learned that there was a preacher at Mrs. Dix's and that night when Mr. Priour came home I went to see him and requested him and Mrs. Dix to come and see Jemima. They came and prayed with her and talked for some time. She asked the preacher if he would administer the sacraments, as she would like to prepare for death. He told her he had no authority to administer a sacrament--all he could do was preach and instruct those in need of instruction. She said "Will you please retire? I am very weak and our long conversation has exhausted me and I want to go to sleep."

The next morning she heard Father O'Reilly in the store, and calling me she said "Mrs. Priour, please ask Mr. Priour not to leave this morning."

and tell Father O'Reilly that I am dying and wish to be baptized and to have Mrs. Hart and Mr. Priour for the Godfather and mother." I delivered her message and she was baptized at eight o'clock in the morning.

At noon they set the table in the store room communicating with the dining room and as we sat down to dinner she asked for a drink of water. sent Fanny with a glass of water. After Jemima drank two or three mouthfuls Fanny drew a chair up to the bed and asked what she would have for dinner. The child was only three years old, and very small for her age. This pleased Jemima so much she called me to look and see how kind and good our little Fannie was.

I was hardly seated at the table again when we heard Jemima say, "Lizzie, Lizzie, hurry see what a beautiful sunshiny day we have; let us go out and have a good romp; but, no, I forgot--let us ask your mother first." These were the last words she said; although we hurried to her as fast as we could, she was speechless. But oh! Such a peaceful, heavenly expression on her face. I am sure she must have seen the angels waiting to conduct her to the presence of God. She was buried the next day, and it was the greatest regret that we conducted her to her last resting place. She was a perfect saint. During her nine or ten months of suffering she never murmured at the will of God. She appeared to take all the trials and troubles He sent her with perfect resignation.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Mr. Priour had to return again to Mobile. The tenant to whom he had rented our place was giving the agent so much trouble that his presence was necessary. He had through carelessness set fire to the kitchen and burnt a part of it down, and it took more than the rent to repair the damages done to the place.

There was a schooner going directly to Mobile from Corpus Christi and Mr. Priour decided to embark on her. He did not wish to take any provisions, but as Mother packed the trunk she put in two large cakes, five or six pounds of light bread, a load of soda crackers, three or four pounds of good cheese, a few boxes of sardines, sugar, coffee, a bottle of brandy and two of wine. He laughed at her and told her he had taken cabin passage and would have to throw them away. She answered he did not know what would happen before he would arrive in Mobile.

He left Corpus Christi with Captain Grant and went to St. Joseph's Island. There, in place of continuing the voyage, the Captain and crew began fishing and drinking and no telling when they would start. Mother had given him five thousand dollars to buy goods and he was in a hurry. The mail boat, a small one-masted schooner, commanded by Captain Coffin, called at St. Joseph's Island for the mail. Mr. Priour put his things aboard and started for Indianola to embark for New Orleans on the steamer. But the wind was either ahead or there was a calm, and the boat had to tack about in the bay without making any headway. The consequence was the provisions and water gave out and there was nothing but complaints of hunger and thirst. Mr. Priour had his gun and ammunition and he killed ducks and geese--it was winter and such game was abundant--and on these they subsisted for two days.

When they arrived near the halfway house the weather was so intensely cold they resolved to stop at the landing where they could at least have

a fire to keep them from freezing in place of drifting about in the bay. When they were once more warm Mr. Priour gave them coffee and told them to make it while he would hunt. He soon came back with a dozen fat ducks and two large fat geese. It was not long before they were clean and ready to roast before the fire. They put two forked sticks in the ground and across these a long pole to which they tied the game. By keeping the game turned before the fire, they were not very long cooking and then they had a dish fit for a king and everyone knows how much nicer meat is when cooked in this way.

Mr. Priour let them eat meat and coffee that night, but the next day towards noon the Captain told him that the wind was blowing in the right direction and they would be at Indianola the next day before dark. Mr. Priour asked the Captain if he was certain of what he said, and he answered in the affirmative. Then Mr. Priour resolved at all hazards to open his trunk and give them one-half of what provisions he had, and to reserve the other half for the next day. Such rejoicing was seldom seen and as Mr. Priour found both tea and coffee in his trunk they made both and ever one could suit his own taste and certainly be of having a little the next day. On the next day, as the Captain had predicted, they arrived at Indianola at three o'clock, and as the steamer for New Orleans was waiting to start, as soon as Captain Coffin came to deliver his mail.

There were only two passengers, Mr. Priour and an Englishman who looked and acted like a scion of the English Aristocracy. He had two very large trunks full of clothing that must have cost at least one hundred dollars a suit. He had borrowed money from Colonel Kenny and promised to send it back by return of the mail. On arriving at Galveston, this man insisted on Mr. Priour's going home with him to take dinner. My husband told me it was the poorest excuse for a home that he had ever seen, everything clean but extremely poor. His wife and children looked as if they were starving. The baker came to the house, but when asked for bread he replied, "Have you the money?" He was answered in the negative and his reply was "No money, no bread." The same scene passed with the butcher and the gardener. Mr. Priour felt so sorry for the poor unfortunate woman and children that he went down in town and bought a basketful of provisions and presented them to her, and then went to the steamer thinking of the misery and suffering of the wife and children of such a man.

He continued his journey and on arriving in New Orleans purchased the goods for my mother and left them there to be shipped by the first opportunity. When he arrived at Mobile he found that our agent, Mr. Berijohn had entered a lawsuit against the tenant Mr. Priour had left in the place. He was suing for rent and the possession of the house and garden. Everything of value had been destroyed so there was not much trouble in regaining possession and forcing him to pay the rent. Then Mr. Berijohn rented it to another family who continued to keep the place until 1860 when Mr. Priour went back and sold it for one-tenth of the price we had been offered for it some years before. Mr. Berijohn wrote to me that Mr. Priour did not sell it but gave it away, the eighteen hundred dollars he received for it was not one-fourth of its real value. But Mr. Priour saw that the Confederate War was about to begin and he thought it was better to sell it for whatever he could get, then to run the risk of losing all.

Chapter XXXIX.

I think it was in 1860 my dear mother left Corpus Christi for Mobile

to purchase a stock of goods and to carry back receipts for four thousand dollars they claimed as being due for goods. It seems that while the merchants were in Europe their book-keeper received the money and sent us the receipt for it, but still left it on the books as money due the firm.

At Indianola she embarked on the steamer "Louisiana" for New Orleans. The voyage was very pleasant as far as Galveston bar. They anchored and everything went well until two o'clock in the morning when Mother was awakened by a dreadful noise and ~~as~~ knew the danger of traveling she always wore a calico or gingham wrapper at night so that in case of accident she would be dressed and ready to save herself. This night she wore a green and white gingham. The noise she heard was the tiller rope when it burned into. When she looked out of the state room window she saw that the boat was nearly consumed and the flames were so close to her that all one side of her wrapper was scorched. Yet she was perfectly cool and not one bit frightened. She looked around to find some means of escape and saw Mr. Grover of Galveston and another gentleman and lady trying to launch a small yawl. She waited patiently until the boat was launched and the others aboard, then stepped aboard herself, but they were so excited they could not keep it bailed out as fast as it came in. Mother found out the cause and cut the skirt of Mr. Grover's coat, made a plug and stopped the hole. By this means she saved the lives of all on board.

When she arrived in Galveston she found Judge Webb's wife and Colonel Kinney's wife waiting on the wharf in their carriage for her. They had found out at some means that she had embarked on the "Louisiana," but Mama declined their invitation to accompany them home. I had done something I had never thought of doing before; I made a purse and put five hundred dollars in it and tied it around her neck telling her there was enough money there to pay her expenses as far as New Orleans. She had about eight thousand dollars in gold and silver in a box and the receipts for four thousand in her trunk. All except the five hundred was a total loss. She went to the hotel and the next day Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Kinney and several other ladies called on her, and each one made her presents of dresses, mantles, and almost every kind of clothing until she had a trunk full. Two days after the accident, about an hour after dark, Mr. Priour and I were standing in the store when Judge Neil and Judge Norton came running into the store crying "Oh, Mrs. Priour your mother is safe!" I was so confused and surprised by their manner and their words that all I could say was, "What do you mean by saying my mother is safe? What had happened?" They then asked me if I had not heard that the steamer "Louisiana" was burnt and nearly all on board were lost but that my mother was safe. In a short time after Mr. William Henden came to me with a letter he had received from his father who had gone to Galveston the week before giving a detailed account of the disaster. It was as follows:

"Between three and four o'clock this morning the town was thrown into the greatest confusion and excitement by seeing a steamer on fire at the bar. The life boats were launched and everything done to render assistance but before they were near the burning vessel she was consumed to the water's edge. When she left Indianola she was so crowded with deck passengers that a family of my acquaintance who were aboard took their baggage ashore and resolved to wait for the next steamer, as it was impossible to remain with any degree of comfort. Nearly all the deck passengers perished either by fire or were drowned, those who were saved floated about in the

day for hours, before they were picked up. One poor German girl floated about for six hours with the assistance of a small piece of plank but she was a good swimmer, others were supported by life preservers." The letter ended with three cheers for Mr. Hart.

A short time say about fifteen minutes after Mr. Henden came to the store, Mr. Willit, now of Austin, or Mr. Cahill, still living in Corpus Christi, I do not remember which, brought me a letter from Bishop Edin of Galveston. It was very short; he wrote--"Mrs. Priour, I cannot refrain from congratulating you on your mother's safety--it was miraculous. It would seem as though her guardian angel took her by the hand ~~and~~ and led her safely out of danger where so many others young and strong and capable of supporting hardships perished."

My mother was, at that time, sixty-five years old, but still very healthy and active and had full possession of all her faculties of mind and body. When she arrived in New Orleans the wharf was crowded with people who came to meet her and congratulate her on her safety. She only remained forty-eight hours in the city before starting for Mobile. Here, where she was well acquainted, it appeared as if half the town crowded to the wharf to meet her and testify to their joy at seeing her arrive safely among them. She remained about two weeks in Mobile and attended to what business she had to do and returned to Corpus Christi.

The next two lots of goods she received were insured and both so badly damaged that they were a total loss. The first was on board of the schooner called "The Two Brothers" the first cost without counting freight and insurance two thousand dollars, the second lot was on board the "Major Barber" first cost of goods two thousand dollars. This vessel was commanded by Captain Arnold, a good name for such a man for he was equally as false as the one of that name celebrated for his treachery in the revolution of the United States by his sale of Crown Point to the English.

This man came to my mother and asked her to sign the average bill, he told him that she had signed a bill of the same kind when her goods were lost on the "Two Brothers" and had never received one cent of insurance although she had lost two thousand dollars on that vessel, but he would write to Captain Tollman who was one of the officers in the insurance office and ask him what she should do under the circumstances, and if he advised her to sign the average bill she would do it. We had the goods inspected for the benefit of the insurance company and sold at auction. The greater part of them were so rotten, when the auctioneer laid them up they would fall to pieces; yet the Captain, to be revenged on her because she would not sign the average bill, refused to let us sign it after we received the letter of instruction we had sent for, and sent a false report to the insurance company representing our goods as having arrived in good order. We then sent the report of the inspector and the auctioneer, signed by all the most influential men of Corpus Christi to Mr. Walkington of Mobile, begging him to collect the insurance for us, as it was he who had insured the goods. His answer was that the Captain had represented to the insurance company that the goods were in good order, when received, and that we would have to enter a law suit to cover the money. He advised us not to go to law as it would cost us more than the two thousand dollars to gain it.

Chapter XL.

The Confederate War broke out soon after this and we were ~~swindled~~ swindled out of the four thousand dollars. This made sixteen thousand she lost that year and although she never complained only said "God's will be done, not mine," it was evident her mind received a very severe shock, she lost all energy and grew very childish.

This was only the beginning of our misfortunes. The Confederate War began and then the blockade. We were on that account compelled to give up store keeping, it being impossible to procure goods.

The Judge of the Brownville District, Mr. Davis, and married a Miss Britton, a daughter of Captain Britton, an old resident of Corpus Christi. She was a niece of General Smith's, he having married her mother's sister the widow of General Armstrong. Mr. Davis did not approve of the Confederacy and wished to leave with his family for the North. This enraged the Confederates so much that they would not allow Mrs. Davis to join her husband. She made several attempts to go to him, but as all her movements were watched by spies; she was arrested and brought back each time she made the attempt. To keep the Yankees out the Confederate officers had several concrete houses torn down and conveyed them to the mud flats to fill up the channel; they thought by doing this they could prevent the Federals from approaching the town by water as they had threatened to take Mrs. Davis to her husband by force. They also stationed guards at the Pass, determined to defend it to the last.

As Mother could do nothing in town she concluded to go live on a ranch belonging to her on Aransas River, about twenty or twenty-five miles below Beeville. Some of the children went with her, that is the oldest of them, but I kept the youngest at home.

The Confederates defended the Pass and harassed the Federals for some time as much as they could; when they were compelled to abandon their position, they brought what boats they could and ran up in the Nueces Bay and into the river. One boat was pursued so closely that the owner, I think his name was Jack Sands, ran her ashore and set fire to her to keep her from falling into the hands of the enemy. The Federal gunboat must have removed the obstacles in the Pass, at all events, they came into the bay and sent a party ashore with a flag of truce with instructions to take Mrs. Davis back, in case the Confederates would not give her up to notify them that they would bombard the town. The Confederates told them they might do their best but she should not go. They then informed us that the next day they would throw a shell and see how far it would go. Accordingly the shell was thrown and fell three miles from the thickly settled part of the town near a place known as the Peterson Place at present belonging to my daughter, Mrs. Fannie Hatch. Orders were issued then for all the women and children to leave town. I had gone on a visit to my mother the week before, and my husband sent the negroes to a ranch about eight miles from town belonging to Mrs. Davis' father.

My husband described the bombardment to me in the following manner: As soon as the bomb was thrown every wagon, cart, carriage, and ambulance that could be found were pressed into service, even wheel barrows and hand cars were in use to carry articles of household furniture to a place of safety. You could see in every direction women and children running to the country loaded with chickens, wash-tubs, pots, kettles, and every imaginable article of kitchen furniture that they could carry. One young

in particular amused him a great deal. She was carrying the wash- and after going a short distance halloed back "Mama, dont forget looking glass." Mr. / igler, who kept the hotel, thought he was so endly with the Federals they would not bombard his home, consequently would not allow anything to be moved from there and lay down on a see on the front gallery to watch the movements of the gun boats. long after the firing began a bomb hit directly over his head and through the house from side to side: this frightened him so much did not know what he was doing and he ran out to a garden we had made the edge of the Salt Lake about a mile West of Water Street where we built a frame house containing five rooms, back, and front gallery.

Here we had all our furniture and Mr. Priour would not leave the se and besides there was a good crop of vegetables in the garden. It dangerous to remain in the house, consequently he made a kind of e in the ditch where he put his money and the most valuable articles had. Here he reposed when overcome by fatigue and sleep. The hotel per and Mr. Craft, our former school teacher, found him walking about garden, and as he had remained neutral being too old to join the , the Federals never threw bombs in that direction unless they saw some with him. Then they came hot and heavy, sometimes plowing the and right at his feet and bursting into fragments around him. When two gentlemen arrived near enough they said "Oh, Mr. Priour, where we hide?" This amused him and he told them to jump into the well. ran to it but found it full of water. They turned to him and said for God's sake tell where to find a place of safety." Just then cannon balls began to fall around them and Mr. Priour told them to go to the other side of the Peterson Place as there was no place of ty nearer and he wanted them to hurry, he was afraid our house would hit by the bombs for the Federals would continue to bombard the house long as they could see a stranger inside the fence. They jumped the fence and ran as fast as they could but the cannon balls followed until they were out of range.

The Confederates arranged their forces along the beach determined to and the place as long as possible, but what could they do? A lot of suits without cannon--they had only the twelve pounder, very little nition, and very badly armed. All the men from the country for y or one hundred miles around crowded in to their assistance, some d with shot guns, some with rifles, and others without arms of any l, depending on what they could procure on their arrival.

The Federals, on the contrary, had well-disciplined troops, good ons, plenty of ammunition, and good gun boats. They could remain in bay and shell the town until the last house in the place was destroyed out losing s single man on their side. After several houses had t badly injured and one man killed the Confederate officers held a cil of war and resolved to retreat and let the Federals in.

While they were bombarding the town I was at my mother's ranch on Aransas River. We went out and sat down in a hollow near the river e we could hear every shot that was fired as the river emptied into bay and the sound followed the water. But what surprised me was to the ground on which we sat tremble at a distance of twenty or ty-five miles from the scene of the conflict in an air line. Men running back and forth carrying dispatches; every two or three s someone would stop and tell me how everything was going on, and

that Mr. Priour was well. This helped to enable me to bear the suspense and fear of my position, not fear for myself or my children for we were in safety with my dear mother, but for my husband and the safety of the town.

At last they sent Mrs. Davie to her husband and I returned home as we thought we would be rid of the enemy. But I was sadly mistaken. We had not been in town long before Mr. Jordan found out that his brother was in favor of the Federals. This provoked him so much that he informed on him, and to keep from falling into the hands of the Confederates and being put to death, he escaped and joined the enemy. This brought the enemy again to town.

Chapter XLl.

Mr. Priour and Mr. Robertson were great friends and as Mr. Robertson was Mayor of the town and Postmaster, Captain Kittridge, who commanded the fleet, determined to arrest him and Captain Jordan. One night we were all asleep and had no suspicion of danger when the house was surrounded by a party of men commanded by Captain Kittridge. We must have slept very soundly for they told us that they had rapped and called repeatedly but no one in the house heard them. Finally they found the boy's room in which the window was raised a very little and locked above to prevent anyone from raising it higher without making a great noise. Some of the men tried to burst the doors open but the Captain made them desist. He put the ramrod of his gun through the opening between the frame of the window and the sill and punched the boys. There were three in the bed. The two youngest had been awake some time but the eldest was still sleeping soundly. After being punched two or three times he jumped out of bed, and when he awoke he found himself standing in the middle of the room with his clothes in his arms, but he never could tell how he got there.

As soon as he was dressed he came to my room and told me that the house was surrounded by Yankees and they insisted that the doors should be opened immediately. My husband sent word that we would let them search the house as quickly as I could dress and told Julian to light the lamp and ask them into the parlor. As soon as I had completed my toilette we announced our willingness to allow them to search the house.

The walls were papered and the rooms overhead ceiled with canvas. They imagined Mr. Robertson was concealed overhead. I had a table drawn to one side of the room and told them to cut the ceiling and look for themselves. The Captain took a light and examined the garret; not finding him there, they searched every corner of the house and kitchen, even the chimney. From the kitchen they went to the stable, where the loft was nearly full of hay and they stuck their bayonets through it in every direction.

When satisfied that their search was vain, the Captain begged us to excuse him, that he had been informed Mr. Robertson was with Mr. Priour at sundown. This was certainly true, but he only remained long enough to get his horse to go in the country on business. While they were searching for him in Corpus Christi he was quietly sleeping at the "Twelve Mile Motte," not dreaming of danger.

The Confederates continued to threaten the inhabitants one after

another and each threat brought the enemy back and at three different times our house was searched. Mr. Priour thought, under the circumstances, it would be best to send the family to the ranch. It was impossible to procure provisions for money. One time, when I was sick, he offered a dollar a pound for flour, not in Confederate money but in either gold or silver, and could not get it at that price. Coffee was one dollar and fifty cents per pound and sugar fifty cents, not in paper but in gold and silver. Everything was in proportion and to augment the misery of the country we had throughout southwest a drought that lasted seven years; nothing could be raised West of the San Antonio River, and we had to haul flour and corn three hundred miles. Besides this, if a man started from home with a team of horses he was sure of losing some of them before his return and very often both he and his wagon and team were pressed to carry cotton to Brownsville for the Confederates and then to take provisions from there to some distant post.

Chapter XLII.

Under the circumstances, I thought it best to enter into an agreement which the neighbors around my mother's ranch were anxious to make with me. They were to bind themselves to bring me anything I wanted for my family from Brownsville or where ever they would go to lay in provisions for their own families. By this arrangement I was able to keep my darling mother and children from suffering for what was absolutely necessary as long as long as my mother lived, but although she never complained the trouble killed her. She was sick for about six months; there was no disease but a gradual failing of strength and for about the last six weeks she was confined to her bed.

During the last year of her life I walked four miles and a half, taught school all day, and in the evening came home and helped to do the house work for a family of nine persons, and for the greater part of the time, for eleven. But towards the last of the year my nervous system became so completely exhausted from the constant work and anxiety lest I should fail in my part of the contract, that when I would arrive at the schoolroom I would be so weak and tremble so much I would have to sit down and rest before ringing the school bell. When I found that I could no longer stand to walk so far and teach I had some bedclothes taken to the school house and slept on benches and cooked my meals the best way I could. I kept the youngest of the children with me. We would go to the school every Monday morning and remain there until Friday evening.

My readers will say "Why did you not ride?" It was war times and all our horses had been stolen. We purchased several but could not keep one more than two or three weeks at a time. The first two weeks that I was teaching school there was neither corn or flour in the country nearer than twenty miles. I succeeded in getting a few bushels of corn, but it was so badly eaten by weavils and so musty that it would make one sick to smell it, yet it was better than nothing. This I ground on a hand mill and sifted the best of the meal to make bread for my mother and my children. The hulls I carried to the schoolroom to make bread for myself; this and coffee was the only food I had during those two weeks, except when one of the scholars brought me a piece of fresh meat. But this I carried home at night. I did not want Mother and the children to know what I was doing, and I was afraid to eat the best for fear the would be left without.

We were fortunate that year to find a family who proposed cultivating our field on shares. They were very industrious and did their work well and although no one else with the exception of our family on the Papalot raised anything on account of the drought, we had the best crop that was ever raised in that section of the country. We had, for our share, three hundred bushels of corn besides a great quantity of melons, pumpkins and other small vegetables, and if the corn had not been stolen while in the field we would have had a great deal more.

Chapter XLIII.

About this time the Confederate Army was ordered to Brownsville, on the Rio Grande as the enemy were threatening that place. Mr. James Hatch who afterwards became my son-in-law, belonged to the division of the army that was ordered out to the river. So did Captain Jordan. Both of them were taken prisoners by the Yankees when the Confederates abandoned the town.

One day two of the negro soldiers, belonging to the Yankee Army, went with a party of soldiers to scout outside of the town. The brush and prickly pear were so thick in this part of the country that even old Mexicans sometimes get lost; when the rest of the party returned the negroes were missing and no one could account for their disappearance. The Federals accused the Confederates of hanging them and declared that if the negroes were not found in two days on the third day all of the prisoners would have to draw lots to see who would be shot. They were determined to shoot two Confederates for every negro who was hung. According to the day lots were drawn and Mr. Hatch and Captain Jordan were two of the doomed men. I never heard the names of the other two. Captain Jordan degraded himself by begging pitifully for his life. He tried to make them believe he was a good Federal and the officers, looking on him with the greatest contempt, answered: "Yes, we are all aware of the love you bear the Federal cause. A man who can forget all ties of nature so far as to try and have his own brother hung is not worthy of pardon." Mr. Hatch would laugh at Captain Jordan and tell him he would do better to keep still and die like a soldier: "Look at me, I am not afraid of death

The prisoners were taken out and placed in position and their executioners were just taking aim when the negroes appeared on the scene in time to save their lives. The negroes were questioned and answered that they had been separated from the others accidentally and had been wandering about in the chapparal without being able to find their way out until that evening when, as good luck would have it, they found their road.

The prisoners were taken to New Orleans and kept there for some time. Mr. Hatch is very original in his way and a person not acquainted with him would imagine that he has not his right mind, but he has good solid sense and is a person who would not do anything he thought wrong. He acted his part so well everyone thought him insane and he was sent back to his family on that pretext.

Chapter XLIV.

A short time before my mother died she was confined to her bed. I was compelled to give vacation for awhile in order to regain my health and my Mother thought that a change of air would be the best thing for me, I

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went home to spend the vacation. I had not been there long when my eldest son came for me saying the Mother was very sick and wished to see me. I succeeded in getting a little nice sugar, coffee, and tea and also some flour, but could get no medicine except castor oil.

Oh, the misery of my situation! It seemed to me as if my heart would break to think that my darling mother was sick and no means of procuring such things as was necessary for me in her situation. Oh, my God, without your help I could never have lived through the sufferings of that dreadful time. Even now as I write it seems as if my heart will break. I would give anything for the power to shed a few tears, it would be a relief, but since that dreadful day I have never had the relief of shedding tears.

When I arrived at my mother's I found her surrounded with friends who brought her a great many delicacies which had come from Brownsville, and knowing that it was impossible to get them in the country, had divided things as they had for their own use with her. For six long weeks I such/ watched by my mother's sick bed, not daring to leave her for an instant. Every time I would be compelled to leave her even for five minutes at a time she would miss me and inquire where I was. I would lay my head on her bed when exhaustion would compel me to take a little rest and then sitting in a chair, my head resting on the side of the bed, I would get a little sleep.

On the 20th. Of December, 1863, she breathed her last, as one going to sleep. During all her sickness she suffered no pain except once in a while a pain in her back. Three weeks before she died she sent for my oldest daughter and her husband to come to see her before she died. They came to see her and brought their baby. This was a great consolation to my dear mother. All of her grandchildren were around her in her last moments.

We buried her under a large live oak tree outside of the field, a place she had selected herself. There was no lumber in the country to make a coffin and we had to tear some of the planks from the end of the house for that purpose. The trouble stupified me to such a degree, my husband thought the sooner he could get me home the better it would be, everything about the rance brought my loss to mind and I did not care for anything; I was in despair.

We left everything as it was and returned to Corpus Christi. There were no roads and only one ferry to cross the Nueces River, that was at San Patricio, thus, in place of having only twenty or twenty-five miles to travel we had seventy or eighty, with the very worst kind of roads. In some places for miles the mud was up to the hubs of the wagon wheels. In such places we could only go a few feet at a time, then stop and let the horses rest, then a halt and so on to the end of our journey.

It was sleeting all the time, and I was afraid some of my children would be frozen before we could get home. We had to camp out two nights, but fortunately there was plenty of wood and when the fire was once started we could keep a good warm fire all night. We arrived at home about two hours after sundown. It was as dark as it was possible for it to be. We had to stop at a neighbor's house and get a lantern, so as to be able to find our way home. I longed to rest in my grave from all the troubles of life.

Chapter XLV.

I had been at home only a few days when some of my friends come to and begged me to teach the little boys and girls, and the young and promised if I would do it that they would furnish me with provisions for my family, as the Federals gave or sold provisions to all who belonged to their side. Father ^Gonnard promised to examine children every month. He and Lawyer Carroll were teaching the large

Accordingly I began to teach in the house in which we formerly kept. We moved our furniture and everything down from our dwelling we had built at the lake. The town was sometimes occupied by one and sometimes by the others.

My scholars were all very good children and gave me no trouble in but after school hours the boys would meet in some part of the where their parents could not see them and have regular battles. They would sometimes be on one side and sometimes the other. I used to my children as closely as possible but when I would think they were sleep, they would get out through the window and join the other boys. My oldest son was the only one I could depend on and it is only of late I have found out the way they used to act.

The Confederate soldiers would see them in the day time and appoint a rendezvous for the night. When all of the town boys would be led the soldiers would go into someone's pen and get the best beef could find, drive it a little way, and then the boys would surround it and drive it to the salt lake for slaughter. The next day it would be up in the market and everyone who wanted meat were invited to come and take a piece. This was the only way the Confederates could procure meat. All the cattle on the range were so poor for want of grass and they were nothing but skin and bones. Over three-fourths of the cattle in the country died during the war. The Confederate soldiers received only half rations and even with the meat they killed in whatever way they still suffered with hunger.

I do not think I could have kept my family from suffering with hunger had it not been for my oldest son. He would go to work on the river and bring me his day's earnings and provisions. Mr. Priour went to Austin and brought back a load of corn and went to Austin for a load of sugar, but it took nearly all he made to pay his expenses. He went to Brownsville with cotton for the government. While he was away my daughter stayed with me. She was sick. This left me sick to attend to the bread to provide by teaching and no one to help me except my little son then about twelve years of age, and my oldest son, Julian. May he reward him, only for him his brothers and sisters would have died from hunger and cold many a time. They can never be grateful to him for what he did for them before they were old enough to take care of themselves.

When my son-in-law came back from Brownsville he had another load of provisions to take back but was so sick it was impossible for him to go. We had no provisions and did not know what to do so George Craven begged me to let my oldest son go in his place. I consented to this and went to the commanding officer and asked for a pass. Mr. Lovenskiold, who was ordered to issue passes, was one of our former school teachers and knew

Julian's age exactly. He looked at me and said "Julian will be eighteen tomorrow. I have to see the Colonel before I give the pass."

He then went and spoke in secret to some gentlemen to me unknown, and on his return he said he could not give one as Julian was now old enough to go in the army. I told him we were entirely without provisions and had no other means of getting any, besides two of my children were sick and my son-in-law was not able to go with the cotton, that he was confined to his bed, and that the family would starve if he took my best son before he made this trip to Brownsville. His answer was "he tries to leave town he will be put in irons." I then told him that he had neither horse nor saddle, that he knew as well as I did that our horses had been stolen. He then answered that he would furnish with provisions and find a horse and saddle for Julian.

The first duty he had to perform was to guard the office, and for this purpose they gave him a gun without a lock; he was ordered not to allow anyone to go into the office except the Colonel while he was on duty. One of the officers wished to go into the office. Julian stationed himself in the door with his gun, and he had to remain outside until the Colonel came. They all thought this a good joke to see a boy eighteen armed with a gun without a lock keep an officer out of the office by threatening to strike him with the gun if he persisted on entering.

After this, they put him to guard the prisoners, always with the gun, unless when he could borrow one from someone else, and this was a difficult task as there were only two guns among the soldiers that could be depended on to fire. All the prisoners he had to guard were very desperate characters and only that he was protected by God I do not know what the consequence would have been. This continued for some time and then, instead of furnishing provisions for the family as they promised, they kept him on half rations and as for clothing I had to furnish them or he might have had none. Every chance he got he went on the wharf and brought me provisions for what he earned.

There was a company of Mexicans employed to steal beeves for the army. Tom Baskins was at the head of this band. One day the Confederates received word to the effect that Tom Baskins was going down to the Yankees with beeves. Wishing to take him prisoner and prevent the delivery of the beeves they sent a company of soldiers with orders to capture the whole band if they could, if not to bring Baskins in dead or alive. Mr. Dunn commanded the detachment and was not long in finding the gang of robbers they were in search of. The Mexicans had caves in the sand hills and as soon as they saw the Confederates took refuge there. They knew that the soldiers had no cannon and were very lightly armed and that they were perfectly safe while in their caves, as they were arranged in such a way that one man could defend himself against a regiment of soldiers.

Mr. Dunn ordered his men to fire, but all the guns missed except Mr. Larry Dunn's and that belonging to a young man from San Patricio, (I cannot remember his name), yet these two intrepid young men continued to advance until within speaking distance. Tom Baskins exclaimed "Larry Dunn, do not advance, or I will be compelled to kill in self defense and I do not wish to hurt you." Still Mr. Dunn and the young man from San Patricio went forward although they knew it was

impossible for the others to help them on account of the condition of their worthless arms. Mr. Dunn was killed instantly and the other young man was severely wounded. Their comrades made litters and brought the wounded and dead back to Corpus. The dead was deposited at his uncle's house.

It was terrible to see the grief of the family, the women shedding tears and lamenting in the wildest manner, the men vowing vengeance against the slayer of their brother, cousin, and nephew. They seemed to be perfectly reckless. I went to the funeral where there was not a dry eye among the spectators. He had been raised in Corpus and was a general favorite among the inhabitants. The wounded man was taken to the hospital and taken care of until his friends came and removed him to San Antonio.

Chapter XLVI.

One day while I was living at the garden and teaching school in town, after an early breakfast, I started to go to town to teach as usual and as the youngest of my boys were not ready to leave home I could not do it for them but gave strict orders for them to follow as soon as possible. When I went to the edge of the hill I was stopped by a Federal guard and informed that I could not go in town. If I did I would not be allowed to leave as long as the Yankees would be there. I told him that Mrs. Anderson had sent for me, I did not know what she wished to do for me, but the messenger said that she wanted to see me before I went to school that day. He told me if she had sent for me I could go but not to remain more than an hour and he would let me go home again, but in one hour his time would be up, and he could not answer for the guard who would relieve him. When I went to Mrs. Anderson's she asked, in presence of her son, if the report she had heard was true, that there were several thousand Confederates fortified behind the ditch that surrounded our garden. I told her what I thought was true, that there was not a Confederate in the vicinity of Corpus Christi. This satisfied them; they knew I would not tell them a deliberate falsehood and I firmly believed that all the Confederates were in Brownsville at the time.

Captain Kittridge had landed a few men at Lagoon del Madre and came on land to Corpus Christi trying to find out where the cotton was hid, some of the boys belonging to the Yankee families had told him that the Confederates had it hid out there in the brush. They found about twelve bales and when they came to Corpus were surprised to see that their boats had not yet landed. The vessels that were to come for them were sail boats and as there happened to be a calm they had to tack about the bay for several hours before the wind was sufficiently strong for them to come in.

The old woman who had gone to the Yankees and told them that the Confederates had several thousand entrenched behind our ditch, went to the Confederates where there were four or five hundred camped at the Person Place and told them that the Yankees had brought several cannon and had fortified the Willett warehouse. She advised them not to make an attack as they would surely be whipped and cause a great deal of suffering to the inhabitants of the town. She had near relatives in both parties and was resolved to prevent a battle if possible.

The same guard was stationed on the hill when I went to leave town. I told him that my two little boys were coming to school and not to let them pass but tell them to go home and I would soon be there. He told me the children had come and as soon as he had delivered my message they answered "You are nothing but an old Yankee and we do not believe you. Mama went to teach school and commanded us to come and we are going. No Yankee shall govern us." He said, "I will put you in jail if you try to go down the hill; I have a great many boys in jail," which was true. Nearly all of Father Garand's boys had been taken prisoners. But Theodore and Isadore answered "Take us if you are, we are Confederates and not afraid of any old Yankee," and ran down the hill and to the school room like lightning. I thought the guard would die laughing--they were both so small. They left town the same way they went in, running the gauntlet every time.

Captain Kittridge was standing at Willett's warehouse when I started up hill and ordered the guards to take me prisoner. Several ladies heard him when he gave the order and cried "Shame, Captain Kittridge! Shame to have a poor school teacher taken prisoner because he does not want to teach school while you are in town." He then countermanded his orders and let me pass. When I arrived on top of the hill I was stopped by two more guards and I was told I could not pass. I told them I lived at Salt Lake and taught school in town, that I had a large family of small children out there and my husband. That I never taught school the days the Yankees were in town, as my husband had remained neutral I tried not to see anything more than I could help, if I saw nothing I could tell nothing and so keep out of trouble. Just then a party of Confederates attacked the Yankees and the bullets flew in all directions. I had still about a mile to go but although I had to pass through a shower of bullets, I never one thought of myself, my mind was concentrated on my husband and children.

On arriving at home I found every place deserted. I searched the garden and chaparral in every direction, calling first one then another but all in vain. When completely exhausted, I returned to the house. Two or three hours after, I saw my son Ambrose, then about ten years old, come through the chaparral towards the house. He told me that Father Garand had begged my husband to go to the Peterson Place and get the bureau that Mrs. Peterson had given him before she went to New Orleans, and not knowing that the Confederates were in the vicinity, he had gone over with a horse and cart to get the bureau.

I had taken the three oldest boys to help him load it, but no sooner had they entered the enclosure, then they were surrounded by the Confederates and informed that they were prisoners, and would not be allowed to pass until after the battle. Their orders were to allow no one to go to town as long as the Yankees occupied the place but as soon as the battle was over they would be free to go where they pleased.

When Mr. Priour begged them to let Ambrose go home and tell me the state of affairs. This they refused to do at first but as they had not tasted bread for three days, he told them he had four hundred pounds of flour at the house and that they could send Ambrose to the house to tell me to bake all the bread I could and some of the soldiers would come and get it. They were very glad to accept this proposition and baked all day and every half hour or so a soldier came and carried away as much as he could in a large wallet.

The battle continued on the hill until about four o'clock in the evening but only two men were slightly wounded. It looked like child's play. The Confederates were on horseback and the Yankees on foot. One time Captain Kittridge was pursued by a Confederate and lost his hat. Mr. Dunn picked it up and put it on his head, then chased him down the hill. A young lady, Miss Howell, as they passed by her father's house, ran after them clapping her hands and crying "Hurrah! Hurrah! For the Confederates." Captain Kittridge returned to the charge and when Mr. Dunn saw him coming he threw his own hat away but retained the one he had captured. Captain Kittridge picked it up and put it on his head; it was only an exchange of hats.

During the time that the Confederates were coming for bread, the enemy had guards stationed along the flat in front of the house and not more than two or three hundred feet distant. I expected every minute the house would be attacked but those who came for bread took the precaution to come through the chaparral and receive the bread at the back door and leave instantly.

Chapter XLVII.

In the evening the Federal boats landed at the wharf and their outside pickets were called in. Then the Commander of the Confederates came to the house with my two oldest sons and sent them on the hill to see what the enemy was doing. The officer cautioned them to keep in the brush and not to expose themselves any more than they could possibly help. The Federals were in the lighthouse on top of the hill with a good field glass and could see everything that passed for some distance on the other side of the house. They allowed the boys to go within a few hundred feet of the lighthouse and then chased them but the boys knowing every bush in the chaparral, eluded them by turning when they came to the thicket and going down to the bay crossing over to the next thicket and through that to the back of the house where the officer met them and as soon as they reported what had passed, he caught one of the boys and putting him up behind him on horseback told him to guide him to a certain point from where they could see all the movements of the enemy. But before they arrived there they were chased and the officer came back at full speed.

At the end of the lake next to the bay there is a bluff overgrown with chaparral. There he made Julian dismount and cross over to the chaparral on the other side of the lake with orders to remain there until dark. He was afraid if Julian came back in the house would be attacked by the Federals. At Julian came home as soon as possible and he and John took spades and began digging graves under a tree in Mr. Priour's garden. The next day there was a great excitement in town when I went to teach school; everyone was anxious to find out the names of those who were buried in our garden. They told them they made a mistake; that it was Julian and John digging for the roots of the rattlesnakes' master to send to Brownsville.

A few days after this the Federals came back to Corpus Christi and took Miss Howell and her whole family prisoners and kept them in New Orleans until the end of the war. Captain Kittridge was ordered to some other point and the Confederates again took possession of the town. It was after this they put Julian in the army.

They promised to furnish a horse and saddle but about a month before my company was ordered to Brownsville they sent me word that unless I

urnished him with both he would have to go in the infantry. This I could not allow him to do, even though I would have to suffer for the absolute necessities of life. There was only one horse in the place to be sold and he had been spoiled, however necessity compelled me to take him or none.

The day after I bought him Julian's company was ordered out on parade. When passing a fence the horse would leave the ranks and jump over; at other times, seeing a door shut he would stand on his hind feet and fall against it with his fore feet. At last he spied a brick cistern about four feet high and eight feet across. This he determined to jump in spite of all the efforts my son made to keep him in the ranks. The Lieutenant of the company told Julian he had to govern his horse better than that or he would punish him. My son answered "Mr. McGee, if you do not believe that it is impossible for me to guide him, take him yourself and let me ride yours." Accordingly McGee exchanged horses telling Julian if he could not govern a horse he would kill him. After the exchange was made they had not gone more than two blocks before they came to Mrs. Rigg's house. Here was a highpling fence. The horse started to jump it and with Lieutenant McGee trying to hold him back, they were caught on top of the pickets where the horse remained until taken down but the Lieutenant was thrown in to the yard. After this he never found fault with my son for not being able to govern his horse.

From that day Julian seemed to be his favorite. Just before leaving Brownsville the officers gave a big ball. This enraged the soldier so he threw bricks in the windows of the ball room, and did not leave a whole pane of glass in the house. No one could blame them; they had been kept for months on half rations and no pay, while the officers were feasting and giving balls.

Chapter XLVII.

Father Ganard and Lawyer Carroll accompanied by Mr. Dick Woods of Mady's; their oldest scholar, came to examine my scholars according to promise. The house was crowded with ladies and we had to close the door. Like all other store doors, it was a double door. In the middle of the examination a lot of Confederates burst the door open with such force that the ladies sitting against it were thrown into the room against the next row of guests. But as soon as they looked into the room and saw so many ladies and no gentlemen, one halloed to the others "This is a ladies examination" and ran off so fast, when we recovered from our surprise sufficiently to look out, we could see no one.

They were hunting Mr. Woods, determined to put him in the army as well as every boy in the country over eighteen. Fortunately, a friend of Father Ganard's came in the back way and called the three gentlemen out before the door was burst open. Mr. Woods had to hide in the chaparral for over three days before it was safe for him to return to school.

I continued the examination as if nothing had occurred. I had sent some of the smallest children out to play in the yard while I was examining the young ladies, finally the program called for my youngest son and I sent him. He had to say a speech called the "Little Orator." When he entered the school room he was out of breath and looked full of life and happiness. He neither looked to the right nor to the left but jumped on the stage, made a bow, and began his speech beginning:

You can scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't vein me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by.

and when he came to the part where it says "I am just three feet high" I thought there never would be quiet again, it was peal after peal of laughter.

I selected this speech expressly for him because he was about the right size and he spoke it so perfectly that even now it is remembered with pleasure by those who were present. Mr. Carroll came to me and ask what method I employed to teach elocution. I answered I tried to make them speak simply and naturally without making too many actions. I had been taught to speak in public that way myself and taught others as I was taught myself. The next time there was an examination in Father Ganard's school they gave the "Little Orator" to one of their scholars but could not make him speak as well as Isadore did. Mr. Carroll said it seemed as if all my scholars were natural orators.

Mr. Priour had to go to Brownsville with cotton. There were four loads and he took John and Ambrose with him. He sent John back with the wagons. The oxen in his team were wild and very hard to manage; they ran away and he fell in front in such a position that two of his ribs were broken. A negro driving one of the other teams picked him up and fixed him bed on his own wagon in the most comfortable way he could and brought him home. Mr. Priour himself remained in Brownsville and kept Ambrose with him intending to rent a place and send for the family as soon as he could to reside there until the end of the war. Before he could find a suitable place he learned that the war was nearly over and decided to come back to Corpus Christi.

Chapter XLIX.

The Mexicans were threatening the Texans. Their leader was Cortina, a famous leader of a band of robbers, who had for years been a terror in the country. It was decided to keep him from crossing the river. Colonel Ford ordered ten men out of the company my son belonged to, to go up the river and guard the ford. This time they were furnished with good arms. My son and Lieutenant McGee's brother were among those chosen for this duty.

On arriving at the ford they found Cortina and his band trying to pass but they defended the passage successfully until orders arrived for them to return to Brownsville as quickly as possible. They obeyed orders and found the town deserted.

Here was a nice dilemma, all they could learn was that the troops had all been ordered down the river. They followed in the direction indicated and passed the infantry and the artillery but as yet had not overtaken the cavalry, when they saw fifteen Yankee soldiers who had been sent out as scouts. The rest of the soldiers, five or six hundred in number, were hidden in chaparral a short distance off but the boys were ignorant of the fact. They determined to take those they saw prisoners. The chase became exciting the Confederates did not notice the main army until they began firing at them. My son told me that when he would look behind

him and see so many shooting at him he would feel a little afraid, but while watching those they wished to take prisoners the excitement was so great he could think of nothing else.

The Yankees they were pursuing found some holes the Confederates had made for the purpose of protecting themselves from the inclemency of the weather in winter, and hid in them but the boys found all and took them prisoners, except one negro who had jumped into a deep hole just large enough for one man to stand in. Julian found him and ordered him to turn the muzzle of his gun down and hand it to him. This the negro did on condition that he would spare his life. The request was speedily granted and he carried his prisoner and put him with the others. The rest of the enemy escaped, while the Confederates returned to Brownsville. On arrival there the soldiers wanted to take the negro out and hang him, but my son put him in jail and ~~told~~^{told} them he would guard him at the risk of his life, that it would be murder to hang him. He stood guard until the officers came back and thus saved the life of the prisoner.

After this he was appointed to guard the commissary while the officers were crossing everything belonging to the Confederacy into Matamoras, Mexico, to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. The soldiers were completely demoralized, stealing everything they could lay their hands on, even breaking open private houses and robbing the inhabitants. Julian told me he felt ashamed to be in such company. This battle occurred after declaration of peace but the soldiers were kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs until after everything belonging to the quartermaster's department was placed in safety and out of reach of the enemy. As soon as this was accomplished the Army of the Rio Grande was disbanded without being paid. The consequence was they robbed every train of wagons they found on the road with government goods, took what they wanted and scattered the rest over the plains.

When leaving Brownsville Julian's company were paid twenty-five dollars apiece but he came home without a cent, having spent the money for provisions for his company trying to keep them from stealing as the others were doing, but in spite of everything he could do and say they would pick up goods when they found a wagon abandoned by the owners. They insisted that there was no harm in it as the goods would lie there and rot if someone did not take them. Mr. McBride had left Corpus Christi to carry cotton to Brownsville and requested me to let John go with him, as he needed help and could not find it. When about forty miles from Corpus Christi they met Julian and his company at a place where some wagons had been abandoned. Shoes, boots, hats, domestic, silks, muslins, and in fact, everything from the finest to the coarsest articles were strewn all over the place for miles around. John's shoes were ^{worn} out and he, like a great many others, thought it was no harm to take a pair of shoes as long as they were rotting in the woods. Julian made him throw them down and come home with his old ones.

Mr. McBride came to me on his return and told me I had reason to be proud of Julian. His account of the affair was as follows: "When we met Julian his company were packing up goods as fast as they could. Julian was using every argument in his power to arrest them; he begged them to think of their honor and not to tarnish it for the sake of a few goods, let them be as valuable as they may. Then he'd tell them to let the goods alone, to place themselves in the place of the poor teamsters and asked them if they would then think it right to rob, that it was reasonable

to suppose that as soon as they could come back without danger they would come and take them to a place of safety. But all in vain, one young man sent a small wagon load of goods to his mother and sister. When Julian saw that he had no influence over them to go to Mr. McBride's wagon and turned his back on his company, remaining there vowing that if ever he could get rid of them, he would never be caught with such a crowd again. I felt very proud of my boy and still do although he is poor and has nothing but his work to support his large family, while a great many of those who were with him at that time are now rich and influential.

Chapter L.

In a few days the North sent a couple of regiments of negroes commanded by white officers to take possession of the town. They were the most lawless set of people I have ever seen, no one was safe. Every night they would make raids on the inhabitants and steal everything they could lay their hands on.

One Sunday a party of negroes went out to Mr. John Dunn's and stole several hundred dollars he had hidden between his mattresses, while he was at church with his family. His sons arrived and caught them in the act and pursued them so fast that two of them jumped into the bay to avoid being arrested. Mr. Dunn, seeing that they were about to escape, fired at them and they were wounded, then went and reported to the commanding officer who punished them severely and restored the stolen money and jewels to their rightful owners. From what the thieves told the other soldiers they thought it was our family and then commenced a series of persecution that was insupportable.

One day Mr. Priour and I went to the garden for some vegetables. As soon as he came back from Brownsville we had rain and he went to work and planted about ten acres in such vegetables as grew at that season of the year and everything matured splendidly, particularly the melons. It was the first crop he had been able to raise since the beginning of the war on account of the drought. When we went down we left Fannie in the parlour with my baby asleep in the cradle. There were some negroes in the flat front of the house; one of them shot at the swelling. The ball came through the roof and fell in the cradle. Fannie picked the baby up and ran down to where her father and I were in the garden, out of breath and as white as a corpse. I thought every moment she would faint. When the negroes saw us go to the house they ran off as fast as they could to keep us from recognizing them. That night they came into the garden and stole over twenty dollars worth of things.

The next night Ambrose, then about eleven years old, had been sent to town for something we required for use in the house. About a quarter of a mile from the garden he overtook three or four negroes going in the direction of the garden. They asked him his name and he gave them some fictitious name in place of his own. One of them replied "That is not his name. He lives in the house across the flat." Another asked him where he lived and he replied "I live here," and ran into a neighbor's house. It is only a few hundred feet from our place and he could watch all their movements. As soon as he saw them enter the garden he ran across the flat and told his father that the negroes were in the garden.

Mr. Priour was alone that night. All the workmen and the boys were

in town. He stole into the garden very quietly and the negroes did not see him until he was standing in their midst. The negroes were so busy picking the best melons they forgot to watch for the approach of the enemy. Although in so much danger Mr. Priour matured his plans well. He called one of the workmen by name and told him and the others not to fire, then called John and told him to run in and report at headquarters and tell the General to send a guard. This made the negroes believe they were surrounded and they abandoned the melons and ran off as fast as they could. One of them fired at Mr. Priour but missed him. Mr. Priour then raised his gun and said "You rascal, you missed me but I'll not miss you I won't kill you, that I do not wish to do, but I will mark you." He then fired and hit him with several birdshot--one barrel of his gun was loaded with fine birdshot and the other with buckshot. The next day the negro was identified by his wounds.

The next night a party of them came back and broke over one hundred melons. We had not seen them but our old negro man was sick and I went to his room door and asked if I might go in with his supper. He said yes but before I had time to open the door several shots were fired at me. It was too dark for me to see them but they were guided by the sound of the voice. Thanks to the darkness that prevented them taking good aim I was not hurt. The next day one of the smallest boys went to pen the calves. While driving them a negro fired at him and the ball entered the brush at his feet.

Mr. Priour went to town and informed the General of the way we were annoyed by his troops. He had a guard of five men stationed on our place. The first night they were there the whitehead cabbage and cauliflower were destroyed; they did not cut them but mutilated the heads in such a way that they were perfectly worthless. The next day when the General came out my husband showed him what mischief had been done the previous night and asked him what good the guards had done. Captain Steadman and another Captain who had married a niece of Mr. Woods of St. Mary's (I have completely forgotten his name) were present and they begged the General, I think his name was Russell, to allow them to select the guard from their companies and they would be responsible for any damage done.

This request was granted and this ended our troubles for about three months and was a great source of pleasure to me as the Captains came out every day, accompanied by their wives, two of the best ladies I have ever been acquainted with. They were both well educated and I could enjoy their conversation and sympathized with them on every subject. I loved them as I have loved few strangers, more perfect ladies I have never seen.

The government made everyone register before any of them could vote and punished all they could catch of those who had committed crimes during the war, without distinction of party, and I must say they were very lenient to the Confederates. After performing those duties the government ordered them (the soldiers) to leave for some other place.

The week before leaving a desperate character belonging to another regiment attacked the hen roost. We had made the guard go to bed, telling him the night was so dark and stormy no one would be likely to trouble anything. About half an hour after he had retired he heard the turkeys making a noise and went out to see what it was, taking a lantern to give

him a light. He had to pass the chimney to go to the turkey roost and as he did, someone hit him with a sling shot and then ran off as fast as they could. The guard could not see but fired in the direction of the noise and from the sound of the ball he said he was sure he had hit him.

His orders were if he only wounded anyone when he fired at him, he must finish killing him with the bayonet. Mr. Priour and the worker went with him to see if they could see any sign of blood. They found a big pool of blood by a little tank near the house, from thence to the fence, and presently heard someone halloo "O, Lord!" With the assistance of the lantern and the sound of the voice they found him. The ball had pierced him through and through the body. The guard wanted to obey the orders he had received and finish killing with the bayonet. Mr. Priour told him that would be too brutal and that he would protect the negro from further injury with his life.

He sent Julian to report what had been done to the General and request that an ambulance should be sent to convey the wounded man to the hospital. He, himself, came to the house, got a bundle of straw and some bed clothes and made him as comfortable as possible until the arrival of the ambulance. When they came for him the men driving the ambulance were so rough with him my husband said it made his blood run cold and he begged them to be more gentle with the wounded man. Their answer was "The guard should have finished killing him with the bayonet, it would have been better. He is such a desperate character even the officers of his regiment are afraid of him." He lived three days, although the bullet had made a hole through and through his body so that air passed through. After he died the guard who shot him imagined he could see him walking up and down the flat and that the ghost never left his sight. He dwindled away until he was a mere walking skeleton and in a short time, about a year, died from the effects of his superstitious fears.

Before leaving the officers wished to go hunting and begged Julian to guide them across the reef to the best place for game. The mosquitoes were very bad, and the first night they camped out they had to build fire and keep up a smoke all night to protect themselves. Julian laughed at them and told them that that was nothing--he had seen them a great deal worse. They said "I suppose you old Texans are so much accustomed to them you don't mind their bite, but this is the last time we will ever camp out in such a place for all the game in Texas." They kept their word and came back the next day.

Now came the pain of parting from Mrs. Steadman and her friends. To me it was a real grief. I had enjoyed their companionship so much and not one day had passed from the time I first became acquainted with them without their coming to see me. It was like parting with a part of my family. I knew I would never have the happiness of seeing them again and that it was a final parting. Before leaving they gave me a white cat--she was a great pet--and two white chickens. They said they knew I would take good care of them for their sake, and as long as they lived they were counted among my greatest treasures.

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